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THE ALMOND TREE.

BY MAY PROBYN.

My love was out in the garden,
  Under the almond tree,
All in the blush of blossom
  That blows for the honey-bee.
I came up over the daisies,
  Before she could turn to see—
I caught her hand and I kissed it,
  Under the almond tree.

She flushed like a rose in summer—
  She stepped aside from me—
"I am young," she said, "and happy,
  And I pray you let me be."
"To be happy," I said, "it needeth
  That a man and a maid agree—"
And I turned and left her weeping
  Under the almond tree.

She made a step through the daisies—
  She called, with a sob, to me—
She said, "How can I be happy
  If you are not there to see?"
I looked in her eyes, and lingered,
  Like blossom in may blushed she!
I clasped her close, and kissed her
  Under the almond tree.

WON BY WEALTH.

A Tale of a Wedding-Ring.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

ONLY a few days after this death-blow Paul Waldron received a letter giving him excellent news. One of his inventions had been adopted by a wealthy firm, and they had written to ask him to give up his present occupation and accept an engagement with them.

"It is the first step towards fortune," he said; and then he looked round on his desolate home.

"If she had but been here!" he thought; and the news which two months since would have seemed glorious to him did not even give him one moment of pleasure. The only bright side he saw to it was that he would soon be away from Ashburnham.

He resolved that he would tell no one, that he would send the little maid home, and then in a few days leave himself, without revealing whither he had gone.

"So all trace of me will be lost," he said; "and, if she should so far remember my existence as to make any inquiries about me, no one will be able to answer her."

To Squire Schofield he said merely that he was leaving Ashburnham. Who could know the depth of pain, the bitterness, the torture of slighted love that came to him as he looked round upon the little home he had once thought an earthly heaven? Farewell to all his hopes and dreams! Farewell, bright, beautiful face that had lured him to his doom! Farewell to the little child who had been stolen from him, whose tender arms were to clasp him no more!

If the silent stars could reveal secrets, they would tell of the man who spent the whole of one long night in the woods—who wept out there the passion of grief that was consuming him—who cried aloud against the wife who had forsaken him, and the proud man who had tempted her away. They would tell of one long night spent in such sorrow as few men endure; and then of a cold morning dawn, when that same man went his way, changed, embittered, reckless with his own despair.

Fortune often showers her richest gifts on those who court her least.

When Paul Waldron left Ashburnham, he was utterly indifferent as to his future. He cared no longer to win wealth. What could wealth do for him? It could not heal his wounds or give back to him what he had lost.

It was perhaps for that very reason that wealth was showered upon him. He accepted the engagement offered to him, and the firm were quick to see that they had closed with no common man.

After a short time he was offered a junior partnership, which he accepted indifferently enough. Later on one of the firm died and he received one half of the business.

Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. When he had money of his own, he speculated, utterly careless as to whether he lost or gained. Every speculation was a grand success. When his partner wished to retire he was able to purchase the whole of the business.

He did so, not caring whether he prospered or failed. His genius for invention seemed inexhaustible; he made enormous sums of money by taking out patents, and in eight years from the time he left Ashburnham he was spoken of as one of the prosperous men of the day.

Rich now almost beyond "the dream of avarice," he devoted himself to the interests of the working classes. He lectured, he made speeches; he soon became known as a popular leader of Radical opinion. If by the use of keen, passionate language he could have roused all England, he would have done so, and have led on fiery, excited masses to the destruction of all aristocrats; he hated them with a vehement, burning hatred—he would have devoted his life to their extinction. There were times when he wished that a revolution like that of France might sweep every titled man from the face of the land.

People who listened to him wondered at his vehement utterance—at his passionate class hatred.

They wondered at the fierce, fiery eloquence with which he lashed the vices of the rich, their indifference to the feelings of those beneath them.

All this was because one amongst them had tempted his beautiful young wife from him.

He became famous as the leader of a certain class—as the earnest, sincere, thoughtful advocate of the working-man, as the warm supporter of his rights and privileges.

All this time he had heard no word of Ismay. He would never read the chronicles of fashionable life, lest he should see her name and it should bring back his pain. Year after year, as his riches accumulated, his bitter desire for vengeance grew with them.

He was never known to laugh, never seen to smile.

The estate and mansion of Ravensdale were for sale, and he purchased them. Then he smiled, for he said to himself—

"I am Squire of Ravensdale. I will take legal steps to change my name. I will try for the next election, and then I can advocate the Radical measures which I have at heart."

* * * * * *

If the enjoyment of wealth, luxury, every earthly delight and comfort, could give happiness, Ismay Waldron ought to have been perfectly happy.

After the sending of her letter, she waited for some time for a reply. Paul would be sure to write; there would be, perhaps, a passionate appeal to her to return—a passionate cry for love and pity. She must answer that as well as she could; the die was cast now—no prayer, no appeal would be of any use. She could not alter her decision.

But for the expected letter she watched in vain. She would have liked to hear from her husband.

She had left him deliberately—she had preferred money and grandeur to his love and the pretty humble home he had given her; still she longed to know what he thought of her conduct—what he suffered—if he was very unhappy. Unknown to herself, she was longing still for his love—for some of the kind words that had been as needful to her as the air she breathed. Here all was magnificence and stately splendor.

If her head ached, every luxury were offered to her; but there was no Paul to lay her head on his breast, to soothe her with gentle words, and comfort until the pain had ceased.

She missed him more than words can tell; and for the first few days she looked so pale and changed that Lord Carlswood began to fear he had made a mistake. He did all he could to rouse her; he gave a grand dinner-party to which the *elite* of the county were invited; he ordered a magnificent costume from Paris for her, and she was delighted.

In the novelty and excitement she forgot her sorrow, and from that hour the world took possession of her.

Lord Carlswood kept most faithfully every promise he had made her. He busied first in getting together every proof of her identity, and he succeeded. Then he formally declared Lionel to be his heir; he made his will, bequeathing to Ismay, his beloved grandchild, a fortune which was to have been divided between three of his children, and which would have made each of them rich.

Then he looked round for some lady who would reside at Bralyn for a time, and teach Ismay the lessons he most wished her to learn.

He found the very lady he desired—Lady Merton. She gladly consented to educate the beautiful girl so as to fit her for her position.

"She will never be accomplished," said Lord Carlswood; "it would be useless to attempt to teach her French, German, and music; but, with her great beauty, we may dispense with accomplishments. Teach her to take her place gracefully as the mistress of my house—teach her all the little details of etiquette that every lady ought to know, and I shall be quite satisfied."

The result was perfect success. The little defelencies of manner were soon toned down, the musical voice took a more delicate and silvery tone; the actions and movements, always graceful, became more graceful still in their high-bred elegance. She was so quick in learning to adapt herself to her new sphere in life that Lord Carlswood wondered at her marvellous progress. When she had been with Lady Merton for three months, one might have thought her whole life had been spent at Bralyn.

Then when the London season opened, Lord Carlswood took her to London, to Bralyn House.

She made her *debut* in the great world, and was received there with open arms. Lord Carlswood's prophecy was realised; her marvellous beauty and grace created a perfect *furore*.

More than ever then he regretted her unfortunate marriage; but for that there was no rank she might not have obtained. The only thing that reconciled him in the least to it was the fact of the little child's existence.

There opened then to Ismay Waldron a most brilliant life; nothing that she had ever dreamed of equalled this magnificent reality.

There was one drawback. She had one dispute with Lord Carlswood; he was very desirous that she should relinquish the name of Waldron, and that she would not consent to do. She looked at him with flashing eyes, her beautiful face crimson with anger.

"I have broken my husband's heart," she said; "I have deserted him; I have spoiled all his life; but I will not give up his name. I was proud enough the day I bore it first; I will not give it up."

He saw that it was useless to urge the point, so he ceased discussing it. Ismay had more spirit and determination than he had given her credit for.

She was known as "Mrs. Waldron," Lord Carlswood's beautiful granddaughter. People at first used to ask where was her husband—who was he?—and the answer was, "She married very much beneath her, and is separated from him."

After a time they ceased to ask, and the beautiful Mrs. Waldron became one of the queens of the fashionable world.

How admired she was! Men spoke of her with wonder—of her marvellous loveliness and grace, her bright smile, her quick, ready wit, her radiant face.

Ismay Waldron enjoyed her life. She gave herself up, heart and soul, to the spirit of gaiety; no party, no ball, no *soiree* was complete without her; she was indefatigable in the pursuit of pleasure. Lord Carlswood smiled as he watched her.

"I was not mistaken in my estimate of her character," he thought. "She had forgotten her husband."

He became warmly attached to her, chiefly because her great beauty and popularity flattered his pride.

He loved her, too, because she so closely resembled her mother, the Katrine he remembered as a child, and had loved so dearly.

He took great pride and interest in the little Leo—his heir who was to be, the Lord Carlswood of the future.

There were times when Ismay Waldron, looking around her, said to herself, "I did well; if the time and the choice were to come again, I should do the same. It would have been cruel to waste such a life as mine in a wood-keeper's cottage; it would have been cruel to deprive my beautiful Leo of this grand heritage."

So year after year passed, and with time her beauty developed into magnificent womanhood; she grew more fashionable, more popular.

The beautiful Mrs. Waldron was perhaps more universally admired than any other lady in London. The world loved her, as she loved it.

There were times when she hardly realized that she, the admired and flattered beauty, the queen of the season, the most popular woman in London, was the wife of Paul Waldron.

In the midst of her grandeur she looked back with a sick, faint shudder on the past—that past wherin she had been the discontented wife of a poor man.

She had reached the climax. Life had nothing more to give her. Wealth, luxury, magnificence, pleasure unbounded, admiration—all were hers. The world she had once looked upon with such longing eyes lay at her feet. She delighted in her own beauty, she took the greatest pride in adorning it, she was never weary of contemplating it.

The admiration of men pleased and amused her; it did no more. She was vain and worldly, she loved riches and grandeur better perhaps than she loved her own soul; but she was never, even in thought, false to Paul Waldron.

She never forgot that, though parted from him—though she had deserted him—she was still his wife. No one dared to speak to her of love that she could not receive. Yet some of the best and noblest in the land would fain have wooed her, had she been free to be wooed.

Lord Carlswood noticed that trait in her character, as he noticed everything.

"She is a true Carlswood," he said more than once.

"She is beautiful and pure as were all the women of our race."

So the years passed away to Ismay Waldron, one of the most admired and celebrated women of her day.

* * * * * *

There was one season in London when people were all talking of a "new man" who had made his entry into public life. He was a Mr. Dale, of Ravensdale, who had been recently returned as M. P. for Taverton. At first Tories, and then Liberals, had tried to ignore him, but he was becoming a leader amongst the people.

He could be ignored no longer. He had made some of the most brilliant speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons.

"If he would but become one of us!" said the great Tory leader, with a sigh.

"If we could but get him over on our side!" said the Liberal chief.

But Mr. Dale had taken a line of his own, and he adhered to it.

He was the poor man's friend—some of his speeches were one long burning tirade against the rich and their treatment of the poor.

He was prejudiced and bigoted, but his wonderful eloquence, his passionate words, carried with them a certain force of conviction.

He was rich himself—master of a fine estate—but he was no aristocrat.

He thanked Heaven that he had sought to buy no man's soul with gold.

Shrewd men, who read his speeches, said there must be a secret attached to his life; he could not hate the aristocracy so much unless he had suffered through one of them.

But no one even faintly guessed that he hated the aristocracy because an aristocrat had tempted his fair young wife to leave him.

He had become one of the leading men of the day—a power and a voice in the land.

Lord Carlswood, who was a great admirer of talent, admired him, although he deplored his principles.

"He has not only talent, that man," he said, referring to him—"he has positive genius. I admire him even for his honest hatred; but I wish that his talents were all enlisted on our side—I wish that he were one of us."

People talked a great deal of him; it was said that, although he was so fierce a democrat, even royalty admired him, and that princes had praised his eloquence.

Still, he would not enter what was called fashionable society.

He was walking one day through the park with Major Henchley, a great friend of his, and they saw the carriages of the ladies who were going to the Drawing-room.

The Major, a fervent admirer of fair women, stopped to look at them, and, in spite of his unwillingness, Mr. Dale was forced to do the same.

Suddenly his face grew pale, and the breath came in thick, hot gasps from his lips.

His hand clasped the arm of his companion.

"Who is that?" he asked, in a fierce, hoarse whisper.

Major Henchley looked.

"That is the beautiful Mrs. Waldron, the granddaughter of Lord Carlswood. She is a magnificent woman. I do not think that she has her equal in London—nay, in all England."

"Mrs. Waldron!" repeated Mr. Dale, in a low voice.

"Do not put the question that no one ever fails to ask, 'Who is her husband?'"

"People ask that, do they? Well, I am inclined to imitate them. Who is her husband?"

"I cannot tell you; she made some low marriage, I believe."

"Does a low marriage mean that she married a poor man?" asked Mr. Dale.

"I suppose so. I have heard, in common with the rest of the world, that she married beneath her, and is separated from her husband."

"Because he is low—I can understand that. I am what is called a self-made man, Major. If a high-bred lady looked kindly on me, and an alliance were formed, should you think she had contracted a low marriage?"

"Because of you?" cried the Major. "Certainly not. Why you are one of the most rising men of the day!"

"It is difficult to discover what a low marriage is," said Mr. Dale; but the strange pallor did not die from his face.

He was unlike himself for the whole of the day after he had seen Lord Carlswood's grandchild.

There were many who remarked at the Drawing-room that the beautiful Mrs. Waldron looked unlike herself; she was not so brilliant, not so radiant; there was more of thought on her brow, of care in her eyes; her smile was not so bright, her repartee not so ready.

It was the truth.

The pleasures of the world were beginning to pall on her.

Perhaps she had exhausted them too quickly.

She had drained the cup of pleasure to its very dregs; there was nothing left for her to wish for—nothing to desire.

Her life for ten years had been one series of brilliant triumphs; the world had worshipped her; and during that time she had lived without love, without tenderness, engrossed in vanity, pleasure, and love of luxury.

She was in the pride of her magnificent womanhood now, and she was beginning to feel tired of frivolity—to wish for something better.

She was at a ball one evening, and some one presented her with a beautiful rose.

She took it carelessly, and held it in her hands while she sat down to rest.

The perfume stole slowly upon her senses; it brought back to her the time when she had sat with Mr. Ford in the pretty shady garden; she remembered her own passion of wonder and emotion as she listened to his story.

Then her husband's face rose before her as she had seen it last—handsome, haggard with misery, yet full of love and tenderness.

She remembered how he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips—how he had said to her:

"You will find nothing in the world like my love."

She started, for a warm tear had fallen upon her hand.

"What am I doing?" she thought. "I have hardly thought of him for years. Can it be possible that I am weeping for Paul?"

She flung the rose away, but she could not dismiss those haunting memories from her heart—Paul's love, Paul's tenderness, Paul's devotion, his incessant, watchful care.

How proud he had been of her!

How madly he had worshipped her!

For the first time—so engrossed had she been in her new life—she began to wonder what had happened to him during those ten years.

"He took my decision very quietly," she said; "he never even tried to persuade me to alter it.

How useless all such persuasions would have been no one knew better than herself; but it began to strike her as strange that he should have made no effort to see her—to induce her to return to him.

Of the tempest of pride and passion, of love and despair, she knew nothing.

Paul, Paul!

Why should she be haunted now? she asked herself impatiently.

Surely in ten years she had time to forget; surely there could be nothing so absurd as that she should wish for him—long to see him now.

Yet by day and by night there was the lingering pain, the longing desire.

At times when she awoke her pillow was wet with tears; there were times when she found herself moaning, "Paul, Paul!" almost unconsciously to herself.

And this was the vain, faithless woman who had left her husband because she valued luxury more than love.

She began to long to see him.

Once she had compared him with the polished gentlemen she had met at Bralyn, and the comparison, in some respects, had always been to his disadvantage; they were so refined, he was so homely.

But now, as her eyes wandered wearily over the great crowd, she looked in vain for a face like his.

So slowly, but surely, repentance began its work.

She had been so eager for riches, so eager to show her great beauty, so eager for admiration—she had longed with such an intensity of longing for the pleasures of life, for its brilliant gaieties—she had been eager as a child; and how all that she had longed for had been hers.

For ten long years she had been engrossed, heart and soul, in the world's delight.

She had been like a man intoxicated with wine.

Now the intoxication was subsiding—her sober senses were beginning to return; and with them came a yearning, longing desire for her husband—for the love and kindness of other days.

She had been like one in a delirium—now the delirium was wearing off, and the reality frightened her.

She had been so dazed, so bewildered, with the prospect held out to her that she had never thought of the wrong.

Perhaps years had steadied her, had given to her better sense, clearer judgment, nobler ideas.

One thing was quite certain—all that she had overlooked when she made her fatal choice came clearly before her now—the enormity of the sin she had committed.

"I was so sorely tempted," she cried to herself—"I forgot the wrong."

She tried very hard to drown all these thoughts.

She went out more than ever—tried to forget, to drown her sorrow in gaieties.

It was not possible.

By night and by day memory was there to torture her.

She grew thin and pale.

People remarked to herself and to Lord Carlswood how changed she was, and he grew anxious about her.

"We will leave London earlier than usual this year," he said. "You must go to the seaside, Ismay. You are not looking so well, my dear child. What ails you?"

She could have told him that it was an awakened conscience, a troubled heart, an uneasy mind, a longing desire to see her husband again, a longing wish if possible to undo her sin.

"Was it a sin?"

The question came very suddenly to her mind one day, and startled her terribly.

A sin?

She had always been frightened at sin—it was not a pleasant word.

Was this a sin—to have left the husband to whom she had plighted her troth, for no better reason than the desire of being rich?

Not all the sea-breezes that ever swept the waves would bring health to the unhappy wife who had been so frail, so weak of purpose, so easily tempted.

No medicine, no tonic yet discovered, had power to quiet the pain of her awakened conscience.

CHAPTER X

ISMAY WALDRON had felt the pain of ungratified wishes; she had known what it was to be poor, yet to long to be rich—to long for pleasure and gaiety, yet to have all denied to her.

But in all her life she had never suffered anything like this sorrow—this sorrow of unavailing remorse, of repentence without the power of atonement, of love that knows itself all unworthy of ever meeting with love in return.

Lord Carlswood took her to the seaside, but she looked no better when she came back.

The music of the waves could not drown the voice of her heart.

It was so aroused that never again was Ismay Waldron to lull her conscience to sleep or to forget the wrong she had done.

Even dress had lost its charm.

All the diamonds of Golconda could not have restored her to peace.

She began to excuse herself from accepting invitations, to find reasons why she should not go out—and this, too, when, as Lord Carlswood said, she was in the pride of her glorious beauty.

The struggle was killing her; it seemed all the greater that for so long she had forgotten Paul.

She was always picturing to herself the delight of a reunion with him; night after night she dreamed that these ten years were but a dream—that she was at home with Paul in their little cottage again, clinging to him and praying to him never to let her go; she would wake with tears streaming down her face, and weep again that it was but a dream.

"I would go back to him," she said to herself one day with a deep sob—"I would go back to him if I could."

And that idea took possession of her—the idea of going back—giving up all the advantages she had gained—leaving her beautiful world.

Was it a beautiful world?

Her heart ached for some little love and tenderness—she was tired of her loveless life—wearied with the weight of her sin.

"I would go back to him if I could," she said; and, just as the thought of going to Bralyn had once seemed to embody all that was most desirable in the world, so now the thought of going back to Paul made her heart beat with delight.

She pictured his happiness.

What would he say if, some day, he should wake up suddenly and see her standing before him?

She remembered his loving words—his tender, caressing manner—his worship of her.

He would be overpowered with delight.

She forgot that the wrong she had done him was a grievous one, such a man never forgets and seldom forgives.

She must go back.

Of course Lord Carlswood would never forgive her; but she did not seem to care now so much for that.

She had tried both lives, and she knew that for real happiness the life she had led with her husband was the truest.

"I will go to him," she said. "I am not happy here. I cannot live away from him any longer."

In her own mind she felt sure that Lord Carlswood would never disinherit her boy.

He had brought him up for ten years as his heir, and it did not seem probable that he would disappoint him now.

She resolved to go; and, once having made the resolve, she was very much happier for it.

Then the practical details began to trouble her.

She remembered that for ten years she had heard nothing of Paul's whereabouts.

Was he still in the little cottage?

Her heart contracted with a sudden, terrible fear—was he living or was he dead?

When should she go?

The sooner she could find an opportunity the better it would be.

Then she was obliged to put aside her thought for a time.

Lord Carlswood had made a point of her attendance at Lady Brentway's ball and she was compelled to go.

She was especially careful about her dress that night. She wore a robe of pale violet velvet, with a suite of superb diamonds, Lord Carlswood's present to her. Never in her life had Ismay Waldron looked more beautiful.

The rooms were crowded when she reached Lady Brentway's. As usual, she was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and then she forgot for a time her doubts, her fears, her troubles.

Her beautiful face grew radiant; her eyes shone bright as stars; she was the very embodiment of beauty and grace; her voice sounded like sweetest music, her laugh was sweeter than the chime of bells.

She was enchanting; people looked on her with wonder.

She danced two or three times, and then, feeling tired, sat down. Lady Brentway seated herself by her side.

"I have the lion of the season here, Mrs. Waldron. Will you allow me to introduce him to you"

"To which particular lion do you allude?" she asked.

"Mr. Dale of Ravensdale, the 'popular member,' as he is called. He is a very handsome man, with a sad, half bitter expression of face.

"You must charm him and convert him; we want him on the Tory side. I told Lord Brentway, if any one could convert him, it must be you."

"Making conversions is not much in my line," replied Mrs. Waldron.

"Political, of course. I have made many political conversions."

"I hope they were sincere ones," said the beautiful woman, with a laugh.

"I hope so too. If nature had gifted me with a face like yours, I should have made many more. Here comes Mr. Dale. I have been wondering why he accepted my invitation; he goes nowhere."

The next moment a tall figure was bowing before her. Lady Brentway said—

"Mrs. Waldron, allow me to introduce Mr. Dale to you." Then, bent upon hospitable cares, Lady Brentway moved away.

Ismay looked into the handsome face bending near her; and then a short, sudden stifled cry came from her lips, her face grew suddenly white as death, her eyes assumed a startled incredulous look.

"Mr. Dale!" she said, in a low voice like that of one in a dream.

There was no answering look; the face into which she gazed was cold and dark and proud.

She clasped her hands tightly.

"Pray pardon me," she said. "You are so much like—— It is—it is Paul himself! Paul, do you not know me?"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Waldron," he said, turning abruptly away.

She stood looking after him, wonder, fear, love, dismay, all striving for mastery.

"It is Paul!" she said. "As surely as I breathe there is my husband, and he does not know me!"

The whole room seemed turning round. A nervous cry rose to her lips which she could with difficulty repress. She looked after the tall stately figure.

"It is—it must be Paul," she murmured. "That is Paul's figure and Paul's face; yet—no, I must be dreaming.

"How could Paul be Mr. Dale, and a member of Parliament? I must be going mad."

Lord Brecon came up to ask her to dance; she declined, and he looked with wonder at her pale agitated face.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Waldron?"

"No," she replied, "I am well enough; but I am puzzled. Lord Brecon, do you know anything of the new member, Mr. Dale?"

"Nothing much," he answered. "I know that he is wonderfully clever, and I have heard that he is a self-made man—he has risen by his own efforts."

"What was he originally?" she asked, with trembling lips.

"I cannot tell; I have never heard. He rose from the humblest ranks, I believe. Does he interest you, Mrs. Waldron?"

She played with her fan for some moments before she answered.

"All clever people interest me," she replied.

"I wish that I were clever," said Lord Brecon.

"Is he—Mr. Dale, married, do you know?" she inquired.

"I think not. I have met him several times, but I have never heard of a Mrs. Dale."

And then Lord Brecon, seeing that Mrs. Waldron was distraite and unwilling to talk, went away.

"It is Paul," she said, as she watched the stately figure. "I remember that fashion of bending his head—I remember—oh me, how shall I bear it? It is most surely Paul!"

He was standing somewhat apart, looking over some photographs. She watched him with a beating heart; her hands trembled so that her fan fell from them, her pulse throbbed, every nerve seemed strained.

"It must be Paul; no other man living ever had a face like his! Dale I speak to him? He did not know me; he could not have understood my name. I must go to him, or I shall die!"

With all the pent-up, long-repressed love of her heart shining in her face, the light gleaming in her jewels and falling on her rich violet dress, she crossed the room and went up to him.

He did not move even when he saw her. She laid her hand on his arm. He looked up in polite, cold, proud surprise.

"Paul," she whispered, bending low until her beautiful face was near his, "Paul, do you not know me? I am Ismay—Ismay, your wife."

He smiled politely still, but coldly.

"I fear you are mistaken, madam; I have no wife."

She looked at him long and earnestly.

"Can I be mistaken?" she said. "I must believe——"

But the words died on her lips. Lord Brentway joined them with some remark about the warmth of the room.

She was obliged to control herself, although the effort was terrible. Mr. Dale left them with some excuse as soon as he could.

"He does not know me," she said.

She would not believe that his want of recognition was real. She was in a passion of love, of sorrow, and dismay. When she looked round the room again, Mr. Dale was gone, but Mrs. Waldron did not leave until she had obtained his address; she resolved, come what might, to call upon him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT FRANCE IS COMING TO.—An artist exhibits with pride to the Municipal Commission a number of headless statues. "But I say," says the chairman of the commission, "there are no heads on these statues for the new Town Hall." "That's the beauty of them. The heads are sculped separately and cemented on; then if there happens to be a revolution all you have to do is to put on new heads in place of the representations of the despots of corruption—you don't have to smash the statues. Then when the next revolution comes you bring them out again."

A POSTMAN once astonished to see a brass plate with the number 95 between two houses numbered respectively 15 and 16. In answer to his inquiry, the old lady who tenanted the house said that the number had belonged to her former residence, and thinking it a pity that it should be thrown away, she had transferred it to her new home, supposing that it would do as well as any other number!

LOVE, TIME AND DEATH.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Ah me; dread friends of mine,—Love, Time and Death!
Sweet Love, who came to me on sheeny wing,
And gave her to my arms—her lips, her breath,
And all her golden ringlets clustering:
And Time, who gathers in the flying years,
He gave me all, but where is all he gave?
He took my love and left me barren tears,
Weary and lone I follow to the grave.
There Death will end this vision half divine,
Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,
And silent, ere he gave the sudden sign:
Oh, gently lead me thro' thy narrow door,
Thou gentle Death, thou truest friend of mine—
Ah me, for Love—will Death my love restore?

Under A Mask.

BY PERCY VERE.

THERE had been a long silence in Mrs. Holbrooke's pretty sitting-room, yet the room was not empty.

On the contrary, there were two occupants such as are popularly supposed to be at no loss for conversation, a gentleman and lady, both young.

The gentleman, Sydney Hall, stands leaning upon the mantelpiece, pulling fiercely at a huge moustache.

He is a tall, powerful-built man with curling auburn hair, large blue eyes, a heavy beard, and strong good features.

He looks down upon a little, fairy-like girl of about eighteen, who has big brown eyes and the most luxuriant fair hair. She is pretty, she is bright, she is exquisitely attired, and her name is Estelle Holbrooke.

Suddenly, upon a silence that has become oppressive, Estelle breaks into a clear, ringing laugh.

It has no mockery in it, but is as merry as a child's, as sweet as a chime of silver bells.

After a moment of amazement, Sydney joins hers and laughs heartily.

"Was I rude?" Estelle asked, presently, not looking very penitent, however. "I could not help it. It is awfully funny, you know."

"What is awfully funny?"

"Now don't be stupid!" she said, her eyes beaming with girlish merriment. "How would you like to come all the way from Paris, and from a pleasant home there, too, to meet such a reception?"

Sydney tugged again at that reddish-brown moustache, with a force that was positively vicious.

"I couldn't help it, Estelle," he said. "I do not think any man has a right to make such a will as our grandfather did. Here we are after ten years of entire separation, supposed to be ready to swear eternal fidelity to each other, and be married at once. If not about one hundred thousand pounds goes to public charity."

"Unless," said Estelle, "your father refuses his consent to the marriage. Then the property is divided between us. Your father may dislike me."

"He's not an idiot," said Sydney brusquely.

"Syd, tell me exactly what you want?"

"I want you to have our grandfather's money, and to be free. I am a rich man, Estelle, independent of my father, and I love Norah Creighton with all my heart. But if I marry her, you will lose the money that is yours by right of inheritance; unless, as you say, my father or your guardian refuses his consent to the marriage."

"What is your father's ideal?"

"Prunes, prisms, propriety! The 'girl of the period' his aversion."

"Heigho!" said Miss Holbrooke, rising and giving herself a little shake; "can you keep a secret, Syd?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, since you are so frank, I will tell you one. I left my heart in Paris. Mother insisted upon my paying this visit to Uncle Clement, but I had given up all thought of grandfather's money. We leave here to-morrow for Daisybanks, and your father will refuse his consent to the marriage. You will marry Norah, and I will seek my heart again in Paris."

Sydney held out a strong hand, in which Estelle put a tiny white one, over which his fingers clasped in a firm but gentle pressure.

"You do not quite hate me for a brute?" he said pleadingly.

"You are my very dear cousin, now and ever," she said, frankly and cordially, and did not shrink when he stooped and kissed her.

At Daisybanks, Mr. Clement Hall's country seat, the proprietor had made all ready to give his sister a warm welcome. It had been a matter of great annoyance to him that their father had passed over one generation to leave his fortune to their children, with the conditions already given, but this money was quite secure. If the children married, it was theirs, and if they would not he had only to refuse his consent, and the wealth was divided between them.

"The will is a farce," Sydney said; but he knew that a hint of his own love for a penniless girl might make trouble, as any disinclination on his part or Estelle's, if unsupported by his father, forfeited his grandfather's estate.

One word will describe Clement Hall. He was an old fop, a dandy at seventy, whose valet had to make him up from his patent leather boots to his curling wig every morning.

His only son, disgusted with effeminate affectations, favored the other extreme. He was fond of rowing, shooting, riding, and professed to despise much that he really respected, because it was flavored with his father's exaggerated praise.

Servants alone shared the luxurious house at Daisybanks with these two, and the household was at least original.

Into this odd home Mrs. Holbrooke—who was a feminine copy of her brother—brought Estelle, to fascinate her uncle and prospective father-in-law.

It was evening when the ladies arrived, and Sydney was fairly startled when Estelle appeared at his father's late breakfast. Mrs. Holbrooke was resting after her journey, and did not leave her room for a week.

The pretty little figure that Sydney had admired in it Parisian toilet was attired in a showy silk of five distinct colors, made in an exaggeration of the prevailing style, and made still further hideous by a necktie of intense apple green, and immense size. The fair hair was dressed high, and upon the top of a structure of curls and frizzes was a large scarlet bow. In a voice that might have cried fish this young lady greeted her uncle.

"Good morning. Jolly day, ain't it? Mammy's all knocked up with her journey, and can't come down. Horrid thing to be delicate. Hallo, Sydney! What are you going to do to-day? You've got to devote yourself to your *fiances*, you know. Shall I pour out the coffee? I might as well begin now." And then came a laugh that made Mr. Hall fairly shudder.

"I regret that my sister is indisposed," he said, in his slow, languid voice.

"Eh?" said Estelle. "Oh, the mammy! Yes, she's got what we call the megrims in Paris. I say, Syd, will you go to Paris for a wedding trip, and I'll introduce you to a lot of jolly fellows. No end of beaux there. Coffee or chocolate, uncle?"

"Chocolate, but Louis always attends to me," said Mr. Hall. "Shall you drive with your cousin, Sydney?"

"Oh, that's too tame!" cried Estelle. "Can't we ride? Give me a spirited horse a regular clipper, you know. Hey! Go on!" she said, holding her dainty hands out as if grasping the reins for a restive steed. "I'm so little and light, I can ride anything! Syd!"

"Yes!" he said, looking as if he had been stunned.

"Are you deaf or dumb? You're as mute as an oyster."

Thus recalled to his senses, Sydney took up his part with spirit, encouraging Estelle in her wildest speeches, falling in with the most madcap proposals, till Clement Hall felt as if every nerve in his sensitive frame was in a vice.

Breakfast over, the horses were ordered, and Estelle dashed up-stairs to change her dress, while Mr. Hall said, plaintively: "Sydney keep her away as long as you can. Paris! I should think she had been with the natives of St. Giles' all her life."

But it was no part of Estelle's scheme to keep away from her uncle.

She invaded his sitting-room at all times, scattering his books, criticizing his paintings, playing dashing polkas all out of time and tune on his piano.

Worst of all, she never let drop the subject of her future reign at Daisybanks.

"When I am mistress here we will tear down that conservatory, Syd," she said, "and put up a billiard-room. I can play billiards like a professional."

So she rang the changes till her uncle felt as if a swarm of bees in his brain would be nothing to companionship with his niece.

And in a quiet, undemonstrative way, Sydney kept before him a memory of a sweet-faced, low-voiced girl, neighbor and friend—one refined without affectation, accomplished without display, purely womanly, yet daintily girlish.

Norah Creighton was one of the friends to whom the gentlemen made formal visits at stated times, but Mr. Hall suspected nothing of his son's love.

Yet, by the contrast Estelle kept continually before his eyes, by judicious words gently dropped by Sydney, he began to idealize Norah into that perfect type of woman who alone was fit for constant companionship at Daisybanks.

Little he guessed what warm friends Sydney and Estelle were when she tossed aside her mask and talked frankly with her cousin.

Many a long morning the two spent in Mrs. Creighton's drawing-room. Estelle's riding habit showing nothing of the showy vulgarity of the dresses designed for house wear, and Estelle herself the daintiest, sweetest little lady Norah had ever seen.

The cousins were riding up the avenue one morning, when Estelle said, "Syd, can't you manage to press matters a little? Mamma talks of coming down stairs in a few days, and she will surely betray me. I shiver every time Uncle Clement goes in to see her, for fear he will find us out."

"I see! I'll speak to-day."

And an hour later Mr. Clement Hall was approached by his son, and asked to give his consent to a speedy marriage.

"Marry Estelle!" Mr. Hall cried. "You. It cannot be possible you love her?"

"Only as a cousin; but I thought this was demanded of me. I do not care to see my grandfather's fortune slip away."

"No, no! I'll see to that. I refuse my consent—absolutely refuse. I'll write to the lawyers to-morrow. No, I'll write now. Marry Estelle. I would welcome a fish-fag with more cordiality."

The momentous letter was written and despatched, and Sydney, heir to half his grandfather's estate, might brave his father, if necessary, and marry where he would.

Mrs. Holbrooke was furious at the insult to her daughter, and left Daisybanks in a rage, yet secretly delighted to return to Paris with the heiress of half her father's estate.

And the wicked conspirators exchanged wedding cards three months latter, Mr. Hall giving gracious welcome to his son's choice, since there was nothing to be gained by opposition.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—In our own days, the use of apophthegms is known and turned duly to account. Our daily talk is full of these pointed speeches, derived from a hundred different sources, and very often used without any knowledge of their context, or any thought as to their authors. Who ever thinks, for example, when he cheerily reminds a friend that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," that he is quoting a modification of the words of old Tusser? the homely philosopher who bids you "Look ere you leap," who warns us that "A stone that is rolling can gather no moss," and to whom we owe whatever comfort is to be had from the reflection that "It is an ill will turns none to good." The hackneyed phrase "Neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring," savors little of the style of Dryden; it is taken, nevertheless, from his epilogue to the "Duke of Guise." It is probable, however, that many of these sayings were simply adaptations by the authors from popular existing proverbs. It is Dryden also who tells us that "None but the brave deserve the fair," that "Sweet is pleasure after pain," that it is well to "Take the good the gods provide," and who reminds us, in his prologue to "Love for Love," that "Men are but children of a larger growth."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war"—a line, by the way, which is generally misquoted—is from "Alexander the Great," written by the mad dramatist Lee, "Plato, thou reasonest well," is in the "Cato" of Addison; and from him also come the well-worn phrases, "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." It is in Pope's "Odyssey" that the line occurs, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." As a fruitful source of popular quotations, Pope probably ranks next after Shakspeare, and like him, is often credited with the authorship of lines which he never wrote. To Pope, for example, has often been attributed the famous couplet:

> True patriots we; for, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good;

yet this was really composed by the notorious Barrington, as part of the prologue of a play performed by his fellow-convicts at Botany Bay.

The smooth and sonorous line, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," which has so often been ascribed to Shakspeare, forms the opening of Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

Upon the poet Young, many a loan has been levied, without much if any acknowledgement. From his "Night Thoughts" we get, "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Man wants but little, nor that little long," "All men think all men mortal but themselves," "We take no note of time, but from its loss," and many another familiar saying.

Bickerstaff, a playwright seldom read, is author of the prudent admonition that "Enough is as good as a feast," and of the indisputable assertion that "One cannot have one's cake and eat it too." From Home's "Douglas," comes the famous speech, "My name is Norval," and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that "Virtue is its own reward." "The almighty dollar" comes from Washington Irving.

From old Chaucer we learn that "Murder will out," and that is wise to "Make a virtue of necessity." It is Gray who speaks of "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm," of "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," who warns us that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is the shy recluse Cowper who expresses his opinion that "God made the country, and man made the town," and who sings the praise of "cups that cheer but not inebriate." The light-hearted Gay instructs us that "Life is a jest and all things show it," and it is part of his cheerful philosophy that "While there's life there's hope."

OUR DAUGHTERS.—Bring them up in the way they should go. Give them a good substantial common education. Teach them how to cook a meal of victuals. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to make skirts. Teach them to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor. Teach them that a dollar is one hundred cents. Teach them that the more one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to do the marketing for the family. Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model. Teach them self-reliance. Teach them that a good steady, greasy mechanic, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broadcloth.

EXTENSIVE LANDLORDS.—Mr. Premier Gladstone, of England, is a man of considerable wealth. He owns more than 6,000 acres, from which his rental is $100,000. Indeed, it is curious to note that England is ruled by rich men. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,114 acres, with a rental of $250,000, and he is considered a poor duke. Lord Hartington's father derives a rental of $1,000,000 from 198,665 acres of land. In land, Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet owns between 280,000 and 300,000 acres among them. The late Cabinet, thirteen of them, owned 520,000 acres of the soil.

Bric-a-Brac.

DEAF-MUTES.—Great things have been accomplished by deaf-mutes, but few have had the energy of a Bavarian named Moses who has been from birth deaf and dumb, but has taught himself Latin and fourteen of the living languages, all of which he writes with extraordinary facility.

COKE.—The method of making "coke," by extracting the bituminous quality from coal, was discovered by one John Hacket, in 1627, who obtained a patent, with the avowed object of "rendering coal as useful as wood for fuel in houses, without damaging the furniture, or incommoding the inhabitants with smoke."

NATIONAL DAYS.—It is remarkable that various nations have each a different day of the week for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

TURKISH MUSIC.—The total absence of written music in Turkey is very curious. Every song, or march, or piece of music is learned by heart, first by the composer himself, then by those who intend to perform the piece after him. There are even no names for the musical notes, and it is entirely by ear that the popular airs are saved from oblivion. A foreign musician was the first to attempt the task of representing in a written form, by the usual notation, some of the popular Turkish airs.

CHINESE MOURNING.—As part of the mourning for the Empress and co-Regent, who died last year, the Chinese were forbidden to shave for a month. At Foochow, the Mayor, finding the order was disregarded, made a raid on the barbers' shops, and sixty culprits found there were fined, severely bastinadoed, and had their shaven heads painted bright blue—the color for mourning there—and nicely varnished. They further had to present themselves weekly for fresh coats of paint and varnish while the mourning lasted.

THE PEACOCK—In olden times the peacock was a favorite with the lords and ladies of high degree. It was customary to send the roast bird to table in its natural envelope. The peacock was considered in the days of chivalry not simply as an exquisite delicacy but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. When it was brought to the table, decorated with its plumage, its comb gilded and a sponge in its bill wet with spirits of wine and lighted, it was the signal for the gallant knights present to make vows to accomplish some deed of chivalry "before the peacock and the ladies."

A BUSY PARSON.—The Church of England has had few more remarkable clergymen than the Rev. Robert Walker, who ministered for sixty-three years in the parish where he was born, and was buried there in 1803. He was clergyman and schoolmaster—teaching in the church, for there was no school-house. He sheared his own sheep, spun his own wool, made his own clothes and those of his family, made his own shoes, gathered his peat for fuel, made his own candles, and, whilst thus laboring, preached the gospel every Sunday in the lowly little church at Leathwaite.

AN EMPEROR'S ENGLISH.—In the collection of Count Las Casas, at Paris, is a curious letter in English of Napoleon I.: "Count Las Casas—Since sixt week I learn English and I do not any progress. 6 week do fourty and 2 day, if I might have learn 50 word for day, I could know it 2 thousand and 2 hundred. It is in the dictionary more of forty thousand, even if he could, must twenty about, much often to know it, or 120 week, which do more two years. After this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labor, who must do it in the young aged. Longwood this morning the seventh March Thursday, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen after nativity Jesus Christ."

YELLOW LACE.—Yellow lace is by no means a modern novelty. In the sixteenth century the fair Venetians appreciated this becoming tint and had their laces died yellow, and Irish linen, which as long ago as that date was highly prized, was always of that hue until Henry VIII. forebade the use of saffron as a dye, and in one of his arbitrary protests against luxury limited to his nobles to the quantity of seven yards of linen in their shirts. Later on yellow starch was invented and fashionable in doing up ladies finery, but as a notorious female criminal was hanged in a ruffle of that color, and the executioner also wearing it, it gradually fell into disuse.

ORIGIN OF SAYINGS.—Shakspeare gives us more pithy sayings than any other author. From him we cull, "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," "Make assurance doubly sure," "Look before you leap." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs." Thomas Txesor, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and the stone that is rolling will gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of the larger growth," "Through thick and thin." "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Mathew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Cowper tells us that "Variety is the spice of life." To Milton we owe "The Paradise of Fools." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power."

DRIFTING.

BY SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

Forever drifting, drifting down the wonderful stream of life,
Now where the white mist, rifting, pours sunshine down on strife;
Now where the gathering thunder frowns from the heavy cloud,
And the shivering rays creep under, ere his deep voice speaks aloud;
Now, where cold, dull, and dreary, the gray skies stoop above,
And heart and head are weary, and the very pulse of love
Beats faint, and yet more faintly, and the idle runs hushed and still,
And the music of God comes saintly, as the bells ring over the hill;
Now glittering in the glory of the gladness of youth of June,
While Hope sings her own sweet story, and each eddy whispers in tune.
Yet by forest, or town, or meadow, wherever the current tend,
In sunshine and in shadow, we are drifting to the end.

Forever drifting, drifting; the streamlet broadens fast,
Through the sand and the pebbles sifting, it reaches the plain at last;
The heath in its purple flushing, the gorse as it gleams in the wind,
The wild rose, virgin blushing—it leaves them all behind;
Till past the gloomy city the tidal river runs,
And, dumb and blind to pity, 'neath the garish noonday suns,
Where the lingering dew lies hoarest, where the creepers climb and sway,
Commerce strikes down the forest, and hurries on his way.
So through each blemished county the mighty stream rolls on,
Nor recks of youth's lost bounty, so rest at last is won;
And we go drifting, drifting, till—thank God, such goal may be—
We know that the veil is lifting, and plunge in the boundless sea.

STRANGERS STILL.

BY CLEMANTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

WHIRLING away in his strong arms to the voluptuous strains of gay yet dreamy music, her whole soul seemed flooded in delicious harmony, and Brundel, looking into the sweet shy face with parted lips and glorious shadowy eyes, felt that she was indeed beautiful, surpassing the beauty of women; and he sighed to think he had no love to give to her who could so justly claim it.

Not that he could feel indifferent to her; he appreciated the full pleasure of her loveliness, and he admired with wonder the soft dimpled beauty of her skin and the willowy grace of her lithe young form.

But long ago he had given the full measure of his heart to Edith, and, though it seemed a hopeless passion, it was returned in full, and he was bound to her by love and faith exceeding strong and true.

After the waltz, Brundel led Cecil to a seat in the dimly-lighted corridor and seated himself beside her; took her fan, and commenced gaily fanning her, whilst he endeavored to entertain her with lively remarks upon the company,—but he found his companion unusually shy and silent.

After a while, at her request, he took her back to the ball-room and resigned her to another partner, then turned to find Edith by his side, disengaged for a wonder from her duties as hostess; his face lighted with a sudden glow of pleasure as he claimed her for his dance; Cecil, passing, saw the look of love and felt sick at heart.

When the dance was ended she, under pretence of being wanted by her uncle, crept away from her many admirers and flew with light, hurried steps to the distant conservatory.

The dim, green shadow was very welcome to the weary girl, and she sank down in a corner out of sight, shaded by a screen of thick dark ferns.

Her head was hot with the pain of harassing thoughts, and she tried wearily to clear her brain from the perplexity that entangled it.

She had not sat there long when the rustle of a silken robe disturbed her; then she heard Brundel's voice bidding some one be seated.

She half rose to go away, but to do so she must pass them, and, feeling that her face was flushed and wet with tears, she dreaded to meet them, so shrank back as far as possible and tried to shut her ears to the sound of their voices.

The first to speak was Edith, who said brightly:

"Does not Cecil Rolfe look a little beauty to-night? I had no idea that the child was so exquisitely lovely. She will cause quite a sensation in town this season. 'Tis a shame that such a beautiful girl should be given to that scapegrace, Jesse Rolfe. She ought to make one of the best matches of the year, and I for one am determined she shall not be thrown away."

"She is indeed truly lovely, Edith. But be serious, darling, and let us talk of ourselves; promise me now that you will not flirt so dreadfully with that fellow Rutherford. I shall do something desperate if you make me jealous. Have compassion on me; I am but human. Think how dearly I love you, and tell me how is this all to end? We cannot go on living this life of restraint always. Some day passion will o'erleap prudence; 'tis but natural. I know you love me even as I love you, therefore for honor's sake throw aside the bondage of riches and come to me as my wife. True I am poor and have but little, save my love, to offer, in exchange for the wealth you must forfeit; but remember, darling, I am young, have the whole world before me, and to do you honor, would carve out a place for myself in it. I am proud dearest, and ambitious. I shall perforce succeed if you but spur my efforts, Edie. For the last time I offer you this chance of happiness; be true to yourself and womanhood by consenting. If you refuse, for your own dear sake I must break through these silver links of love, and leave before it is too late and love lies wrecked on the foul quicksands of dishonor. Answer me, sweet; but think first of my great true love and what would be my future wretchedness if you deny me the right—the blessed right—to love and honor you before my fellow men."

He ceased speaking, and upon the silence fell the sound of a woman's sobs.

Waiting with beating heart in the dim corner Cecil forgot herself, and her heart went out in sympathy to these fellow sufferers.

Then, through the perfumed air, came the gentle softness of Edith's voice.

It was very sorrowful, but calm and resolute, and strong in its decision.

"Brundel, I must again deny you, even though by so doing I leave you for ever. I love you, oh! how I love you, yet I know we must part, for my own heart confirms all you have said about our danger. I would throw aside my gilded bondage, sweetheart, and hold it honor to bear your name and fight life's battles by your side, strong in my love and trust. Do not imagine I am coward enough to dread poverty; if shared by you it would lose its sting. 'Tis not that, darling. It is that by marriage, by my dead husband's will, I lose that which is sweet to me as Heaven; in fact, my safeguard against temptation, the love and custody of my boy, my only child. Remember, Brundel, he needs all my care and love. Who but a mother can train a child to a noble life? Could I leave him to strangers—throw away the treasure of his love? Do not tempt me, sweetheart. Pit not your strength against a hapless child. I would throw rank, wealth—aye, even honor—to give you content, but cannot, dare not, sacrifice my only child. Brundel, be strong, be merciful! I am but a weak woman; tempt me no more, but leave me honor and sweet memory. I know we must part; but do not, for Heaven's sake, desert me at once. Let me learn to live without you by degrees. Leave me not altogether desolate; let me have time to learn the cruel lesson first."

"Hush, Edith," said Brundel, sternly, yet still holding her in a loving clasp; "you try me too much, my girl. I am, then, to accept this as your final decision? You have chosen between your child and me, and found love for your child outweighs your love for me. So be it; I accept. Dry your eyes. Your guests will wonder at your absence. Do not look so reproachfully at me, darling. I do not mean to be hard or cruel; but, oh, Heaven! I suffer a pain beyond your ken. Still, sweet, I am calm. Now look up. All shall be as you desire; only look kindly on your poor slave, and help him to be brave. See the mistletoe hangs above our heads. When June roses claim regard in its stead, I shall have shut this dream in my life up for ever, and have left you to your chosen destiny. Now let us go into the ball-room. Be calm, I hear footsteps. We feel so gay, so happy, do we not? and intend to carry out this farce *coute qui coute.*"

Arm in arm they pass out from the shadow, and Cecil, seeing them depart, feels a great loneliness fall upon her; out of sympathy, perhaps, for she too is doomed, she thinks, to love in vain.

Presently she also seeks the festive scene; and, viewing her gaiety, no one would imagine how truly sad she feels.

CHAPTER IV.

"IN AT THE DEATH."

"SO, Cecil, pet, I see you, like the rest of my guests, are about to don your skates. I am so sorry I cannot join your party, but I expect Lady Rutherford, and it would seem discourteous were I not here to receive her."

"Oh, bother Lady Rutherford! 'Tis a shame you can't come with us, Edith; I know you would enjoy it so much, this clear, bright day, and you look so pale, as if you really needed the fresh air; but if you have decided, I suppose I must not murmur—you are the sufferer."

"Mr. Havesham has promised to restore you to me unhurt, Brownie; don't keep him waiting. The lords of creation possess not the virtue of patience. Good-bye, dear."

Cecil turns to her gallant escort with a shy, blushing grace, and a few moments later is out in the frosty sunshine, taking in great draughts of the invigorating mountain air, with all the pleasure-loving joy of a child.

Brundel, being a man, cannot but admire the fresh, sweet beauty, the childish supple grace and freedom of carriage; so he gives himself up to the pleasure of the hour, and joins the skaters with a face as bright as hers.

Hand in hand, with merry laughter and gay talk, they skim swiftly through the crisp blue air, as though, like Mercury, their feet had wings; then, after a truly enjoyable afternoon, through the silvery winter gloaming, they walk together back to the house.

A long silence had fallen upon them, which was broken at last by Cecil, who laid a trembling hand upon Brundel's arm, saying as she did so, in a timid voice:

"I wish to ask you a question, Mr. Havesham, but I hardly know how to word it. Pray do not think me unmaidenly, but *am I by law your wife?*"

The question burst from her trembling lips with a little nervous gasp, and over her sweet face the hot blood spread with maiden modesty.

He stood quite still, and faced her with a pained gravity, whilst she continued quickly, as though she feared her courage would not hold out till she had finished:

"Ever since Mr. Brownlow pronounced his very decided opinion on the Scotch marriage-law I have been eager to ask you about this, and to beg you to do anything you think right to free yourself from the fetter your notion of honor threw about you to shield a girl's fame; but your life's happiness must not, shall not, be sacrificed to shield my name. We know we have done no wrong, so let scandal do its worst, and free yourself at any cost. I insist that you do this. I have no fear, for my own heart holds me blameless; therefore I can bear anything but your unhappiness!"

When she had finished speaking, she lifted her glowing face and looked full at Brundel with brave, truth-compelling eyes.

Throwing aside the cigar that he had been smoking, Brundel answered honestly:

"Miss Rolfe, you have my respect, honor, and admiration, so shall you have my confidence. In the sight of God we are unmarried, in the sight of man we are man and wife. Now hear me to the end, and answer any question I may put to you frankly, relying on my friendship and honor. First, do you desire to be free, that you may bestow yourself upon another? Do you love another man?"

"To both these questions, I with truth can answer, No!"

"Thanks; now listen to me patiently. I love a woman truly, fondly, purely, but she can never be my wife; bear in mind, this is and must be ever unalterable. Let that pass. Now I am a poor man, with only my profession and good old name to recommend me; yet I feel sure you can and will trust me fully; so listen. If we make this marriage of ours public, with the idea of proving it illegal, we put a story into people's mouths that may be twisted into any purpose, and leave us at the mercy of this world's scandal. I am a man whom scandal cannot really harm, though certainly, as you are your uncle's heiress, I might be dubbed fortune-hunter. But with you it is different; you are a woman, and scandal never touches a woman but it leaves its mark behind. You would be termed that most unfortunate of beings, a 'woman with a story;' your sensitive spirit would sink beneath the ordeal, and perhaps your whole future be wrecked upon a supposition; therefore I say wait. You are to be presented next season to what we fools, in our vanity, term the world. With your beauty and wealth, you are bound to make a good match, and, what is better, win a good man's love.

"Then we must tell this Prince Charming our little romance, and if he loves you as you deserve to be loved, he will accept our version, and sets about helping me to free you without letting society into the secret. Meanwhile, your only guardian is an old man fast verging towards dotage. He loves you and intends you to be his heiress. He also, I believe, wishes you to marry your cousin, so that the title and riches may go together; but this must not be.

"I know your cousin to be a gambler and a roue, totally unfit to be a good woman's husband.

"Should your uncle die before you marry you will be under the guardianship of this man's mother, a woman whom you do not like and in whom you have no confidence. She, of course, will do all in her power to force you into marriage with one who, unless I am greatly deceived, you heartily detest and rightly mistrust.

"Now, if you are left to them, this marriage of ours may prove your salvation, for it will, at any moment, prevent your being forced into wedlock against your will with a man you dislike.

"So I say, for your own sake let the matter rest, and believe me, on my honor as a gentleman, I will never by word or deed prove myself unworthy of your trust and confidence.

"By my folly I have involved you in a dilemma, from which I am bound to extricate you; meanwhile, let us turn it to advantage if we possibly can.

"This is a secret known only to ourselves.

"We can keep it. Now, tell me, do you trust me, have I your friendship and true confidence?"

"Indeed you have my sincere friendship, and fullest confidence, Mr. Havesham, and, I thank you for your kind interest and thought of my future; I shall always value your friendship, and gratefully remember your care.

"Now shake hands as real friends, and let us forget how solemn we have been. See, we are near the house, let us hasten, we are late."

They clasped hands, and read in each others' eyes that their trust was a mutual compact.

When they arrived at the house they found, waiting their arrival, a woman of about fifty, of plain unpretending appearance, dressed in deep mourning.

She had an ugly, honest face—in fact, a small face—with large features, greatly disfigured with small-pox.

She had keen grey eyes, and her grey hair was closely banded about her ears, under a Quakerish cap.

She hurried forward to meet Cecil, who, with eager welcome, threw her arms about her neck, crying—

"Oh! nurse, I am so glad you have come; I have wanted you so badly." Then, remembering Brundel's presence, she turned to him with timid grace saying—

"This is my good old nurse, Mr. Havesham; please pardon my gushing little scene."

Brundel, with one of his most winning smiles, answered, as though he saw nothing unusual in a young lady greeting her domestic with kisses and tears of welcome—

"I am glad to see Miss Rolfe so faithful in her affection for old friends, and am delighted to be introduced to one she evidently esteems so highly."

And, with an easy bow, he left them, both women looking after him with interest, which prompted the elder to exclaim.

"A good-looking honest gentleman, my dear young lady, and, by your blushes, a valued friend of yours; but let us go to your room, the dressing-bell has rung, and we have no time to lose."

* * * * * *

"It is very hot for June, Benson, is it not? And, in all the world, at this moment, I can't realize there can be a hotter place than London.

"Draw the curtain closer; I declare the sun makes one look as yellow as a guinea. Heigh ho! 'tis something to be tied to the apron-string of a girl in her first season. A little more padding on the left shoulder, Benson, that will do; man, you are an artist!

"Now my wig, the last and greyest, if you please; I think we have managed the growing grey splendidly.

"No less than three people have remarked to me, of late, 'I declare, Sir Sydney, you are growing grey, I see the silver threads increase each day.'

"My new teeth, Benson, and just a suspicion of rouge in my cheek. Man! man! would you send me out without my eyebrows?

"Ah! that will do. Now for a quiet canter in the Row. Trying to work this weather, but one must not repine at the duties of society."

And, so powdered and padded until he resembled a man of robust proportions, Sir Sydney drew on his gloves and went out with a smiling face to meet his well loved niece who waited his coming somewhat impatiently.

She had grown even more lovely in a few months, since she had left behind her quiet life and dawned upon the world a perfect woman, beautiful as a poet's dream.

She had made a great impression by her riches, youth and beauty, and already many a good old name had been offered in vain for her acceptance; but she could not forget Brundel's honest face, and their secret tie, a tie sweeter to her than freedom.

She met Brundel sometimes in the whirl of the golden circle called society, but not often, for she rarely went anywhere without Edith, and Brundel and Edith avoided each other by mutual consent.

Cecil found these rare meetings wondrous sweet and fed her fancy long on the remembrance of them.

Brundel, in the last few months, had made great strides in the world's esteem, and was spoken of as a rising genius.

A small fortune had been added to his own by the decease of a dear old friend. Often, in his lone, studious hours, two faces of surpassing beauty came between him and his books; one sad and regal, the other watching, gay and sweet, his lost love, and his wife.

Sir Sydney and his lovely ward rode through the gay sunshine, each well content with themselves and the world. Every eye is turned to note them as they pass; one so young, strong, and beautiful, the other so feeble. They both ride spirited horses and enjoy their canter; but presently there is a stir, a shout, and every one makes way, for something has frightened Sir Sydney's horse, and, at a mad, murderous speed, the animal has run away with the poor feeble old man who has no strength or power to guide him.

Cecil rides on with closed eyes and a white set face. "She will be in at the death," remarks a flippant young sprig of nobility. Ah! and true enough, she is.

Her uncle's horse starting from its clear path, runs madly, blindly at the rails, and rolls over on its master, who lies in the bright sunshine, a crushed and bleeding corpse. Kneeling by his side, in wildest grief and compassion, is Cecil, bemoaning the death of her nearest friend.

CHAPTER V.

DEEP WATERS.

A HOT, cloudless day, and from out the fiery sky the red sun burns fiercely upon the parched earth. Slowly along the dusty road a funeral procession moves with pomp and pride. It makes an ugly blot upon the scenery. Slowly the noble horses toil up the steep hill, then rest at the quiet church-yard on the summit, where white-robed priests await their coming.

The touching, beautiful service for the dead, is read over all that remains of that wreck of nobility, Sir Sydney Rolfe, and he is given without regret to his native earth.

Only one person truly—and in great loneliness and self-pity—bewails his death, and that is Cecil.

She, poor child, looks with shuddering eyes into her future. She awaits the return of the mourners in the grand old mansion that has for centuries been the home of the Rolfes.

Baggate Royal is a splendid pile, a regal inheritance, and this pale, weeping girl is now its mistress.

No thought of her increased importance dawned upon her numbed mind; she only feels that she is desolate.

Presently, the guests return, and she does them full honor as hostess, and sits

with grave face in their midst to hear her uncle's will read.

Her much disliked cousin Jesse, now Sir Jesse Rolfe, stands behind her chair; by her side her future guardian, stern-faced Aunt Hester.

Invited at the girl's request, is Brundel Haversham, and very noble he looks, and tries to encourage her by kind glances.

He feels ill at ease, for he knows his presence is a matter of wonderment to many: still, he cares not, since Cecil desires his presence.

The family lawyer, with slow dignity, opens and reads the will which bequeaths the whole of the late baronet's great wealth save a few handsome legacies to friends and servants, unconditionally to Cecil, who, until she marries, is consigned to the guardianship of her aunt, a handsome income being secured to that lady for her trouble.

Cecil seeks out Brundel with great entreating eyes, which, for a moment, make him feel inclined to claim and guard her against her mistrusted friends, but between him and this momentary desire comes the thought of her wealth, and he will not lay himself open to the implication of being a fortune-hunter; neither would he tie the girl down to a loveless marriage, he tells himself.

So, later in the day, he stands alone with Cecil, and wished her a kind good-bye: then, holding her little hand in his, and looking into her tearful eyes, he assures her again of his true friendship, and the safety to her there is in their secret marriage; and very tenderly he bids her rely upon him, in case of need, for help.

"Send for me should you find yourself in any trouble," he says. "Send my ring; I shall know by that that you need my aid, and if I am alive, I will come and guard you with my life from ill.

"Keep a brave heart; you have a bright future before you. Such beauty and wealth as yours can command the world.

"Keep your old nurse near you; she will serve you truly, and, in time of need, if such time should come, trust her fully, for I feel sure she is as true as steel.

"Now look up, and bid me God speed, Cecil, for I must say good-bye."

"Good-bye," she echoed, sadly, "don't forget me Brundel," and something of the longing in her heart speaks out from her eyes; and he, strangely moved, takes her in his arms, and presses long, lingering kisses on her sweet lips.

She clings to him fondly, till he tears himself away, saying, "Forgive me, child, I will never so offend again." Then, afraid to trust himself to the power of those pleading eyes, he leaves her, telling himself,

"'Tis but her loneliness prompted her to cling to him; it would be dishonorable to take advantage of it."

And she, with a new gladness in her eyes watches him depart, saying, in her heart of hearts, "He will learn to love his wife some day."

Aunt Hester decides that Cecil's year of mourning had better be passed abroad, so she hurries her away to Paris, where they are joined by Sir Jesse, who, for a while at least, has the grace to discontinue his unwelcome wooing, and Cecil is left in peace, Her nurse is her constant attendant. She, good soul, is much disliked by stern Aunt Hester, who knows by instinct that the keen, true-hearted waiting-woman reads her plans as plainly as if they were printed on her face.

In Paris they meet Edith, who is travelling for her health, which has sadly failed of late.

Of this party is Lady Rutherford and her son, Ronald Lord Rutherford, Edith's devoted bond-slave.

Cecil is heartly glad to find herself among her old set again, but is grieved at Edith's pale looks, for the friendship which had grown up between these two women was a strong and firm affection. A severe cold, taken lightly, and as lightly cared for has laid Edith upon a bed of sickness.

Cecil at once, to Aunt Hester's annoyance, took upon herself the duties of nurse. Little Percy, Edith's only and idolised child, loved Cecil dearly, and it was a real happiness to the true-hearted girl to be of service to both mother and child.

Edith, to every one's surprise, instead of shaking off this illness by virtue of her youth, sank hourly beneath it, till at last the grave-faced doctors said the case was beyond their skill, and must be left to God's will.

Cecil heard them with surprise and incredulity; then telegraphed at once for Edith's friends.

They came, but, at Edith's request, Cecil held to her post as nurse, hoping against hope that Edith might recover.

Lord Rutherford, who had loved Edith vainly for years, and through her loved her child, begged that, in case of her illness proving fatal, the child should be left to the guardianship of himself and his mother.

Edith, hearing of this request, and knowing their affection for the child, agreed cheerfully, and sent for Lord Rutherford to thank him.

He came to the darkened room, and, seeing Edith so changed—so under death's shadow—fell on his knees and gave way to his grief.

Edith soothed him gently, and, when he had grown calm, told him her wishes about the child's future.

As they talked, a great peace fell upon them, and Cecil, coming into the room and finding them thus, crept away in tears, feeling their parting was too sacred for human eyes.

After a while, Lord Rutherford came out with haggard face, and Cecil returned to her post to find Edith praying softly.

In a short time she slept, and Cecil laid little Percy by her side, so that when she woke her eyes should first look on her heart's comfort.

After a sound, sweet sleep, she awoke refreshed, and, clasping her child lovingly, gazed with fondest love upon his sleeping face.

"Thank God I never deserted you, darling," she murmured. "Thank God that your future will be guarded by a true man's affection. Oh! my treasure, you will never know how great has been your mother's love; how much she has suffered for your sweet sake. But all will soon be ended and this poor life at peace."

Then, with an impulse of affection, she caressed the boy till he opened his blue eyes in surprised awakening, and, seeing he was by his mother, nestled close, saying gently:

"Pretty mamma, dear mamma, Percy will never go away from you; don't cry, it hurts me so."

Drying her tears, she hushed him to sleep again and watched him quietly.

Poor Cecil's tender heart was greatly touched, and, with a sudden impulse, she leant over the bed, saying:

"Edith, darling, shall I send for Brundel; would you not like to see him?"

A great light came into the dying face, but she answered:

"No, dear, no, it is better not. I feel restful now and willing to meet death; but were I to look upon his face again, this peace would be scared away by the great joy of seeing him, for he alone binds my heart to earth. Let me rest. Some day, when you meet him, give him my dear love and tell him I was faithful unto death, and that my last breath was spent in blessing him. When I lie dead, cut a great curl of my hair and tell him it shall be a golden link between him and Heaven."

These were her last words.

She sank into a deep sleep, her fair face nestled close to her boy's brown curls,—a sleep that slowly merged into a deep oblivion.

Between night and dawn Heaven stole her sweetness from the earth, and those who watched her knew not that she had gone.

The little white-haired doctor tenderly took her child from her stiffening arms, and told them.

It was a very pitiful, heart-broken letter that Cecil dispatched to Brundel, with Edith's last message and the golden lock, which, though it was cut from the dead head, looked a ruddy glowing thing of life.

Cecil stayed on in Paris, bright, joyous Paris, which seems such a mockery to grief; but her aunt and cousin desired to stay, and she had no inclination for any thing save peace and quietude.

Her friends had left Paris now, and Cecil ofttimes found herself very lonely.

Sir Jesse, too, had resumed his wooing with such haste and ardor that showed his desire to secure her wealth and herself quickly.

She shrank from his attentions with a strong feeling of loathing, yet she knew no ill of the man, who was well born, well looking, and who seemed truly enamored of her. His mother too, wearied her by her praises of him and her constantly expressed desire that she should become his wife.

In vain she told them both it was impossible and hateful to her. In vain, like a grieved child, she sued for peace.

They were relentless, and watched and worried her till she was half mad with weariness of it all, and begged to be taken home to rest.

Poor hunted child, her only refuge was with her old nurse, to whom she unburdened her full heart, and told of their persistent persecution and her suffering; for she did suffer, as only a sensitive woman can be made to suffer, under the cruelty of those who should be her friends.

CHAPTER VI.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE GONE TO HER DEATH."

CECIL lived on with her relatives wretchedly enough, but, as yet, it was but an armed neutrality. The storm loomed blackly above them, and one day it broke in its full strength.

It came about in this wise: Cecil, seated in her own room, was reading, when a servant entered the apartment, bearing a message from a poor woman who desired speech with her.

"Send her up, Marie," said Cecil; "doubtless it is someone about work."

A moment later a woman who looked wretchedly ill and poor came in.

She was dressed in deep, though painfully shabby, mourning. She advanced in a hurried, frightened way, begging that she might be allowed a private interview, which Cecil though greatly surprised, granted.

After making the woman, who looked ill and spent, take some wine and biscuits which the poor creature accepted gratefully, Cecil asked her business. She looked carefully around to be sure they were alone, then came to Cecil's side, saying in a voice hoarse by deep feeling—

"I have a tale to tell you, lady, that may be is hardly fit for such innocent ears; yet for your sake it must be told.

"My name is Mercy West. I am employed at Madame Nathalie's, where, in the gossip of the work-room, I have learned that you are engaged to marry that bitter, bad man, Sir Jessie Rolfe.

"I was engaged on some fine work, when I made up my mind to come here and warn you against becoming that man's wife. If you care for him, and God forbid you should you must forgive me if I pain you; but, if you do not, you may thank Heaven that you have an excuse to free yourself. Now hear my story.

"A few years ago, my sister, Mary, went as maid to your aunt, Mrs. Rolfe. We were then living near Greenoaks, your aunt's estate.

"We had a poor farm, and thought it a fortunate thing when we placed Mary, who was too refined and delicate for farm work, under your aunt as her maid.

"Mary was sweetly pretty, and as simple and pure as a child; but her beauty caught your cousin's cruel fancy, and after much persuasion, he, under promise of marriage, got her to elope with him to France. The whole pitiful story came to us in a letter from Mary, after she had been away a few months.

"It was the old, old story of a bad man's fated passion, and a woman's broken heart; but it bore bitter fruits in our peaceful home.

"My father, who had been long ailing, fell beneath the blow and died. She was his favorite child. With his latest breath he bade me seek out my sister, and rescue her from yet lower depths.

"We disposed of the farm, and after settling my poor heart-broken mother in a little home, I came here to look for our stray lamb.

"No need to tell you all the misery of my long search; enough that at last I came upon our fairest flower, to find her borne down to the lowest depths; her betrayer, after wearying of her, consigned her to the fate my poor old father dreaded, and she, poor soul, maddened by life's woe, tried to drown her grief and shame in drink and evil living,—a life so unfit for her timid lowly spirit.

"When I found her, death had already set his seal upon our poor lost one.

"During a long illness I led her soul back to its merciful God; at least, she was penitent. After a while she recovered enough to get about, then came a cruel time for us; all our money was gone, and we were literally wanting bread.

"Then I, who had sought work in vain, thought of Mrs. Rolfe, and, for the sake of Mary and her child, pocketed my pride, and wrote humbly, begging aid of her: but oh! her hard cruel heart; instead of alms, she sent a bitter insulting letter to say, 'Mary had, by her forward wickedness brought her own disgrace upon her;' with many other cruel untruths.

"After this I grew desperate, and went about half mad, praying for the courage to steal for my poor darlings.

"Mary was very patient all this while, never complaining, and only shutting her poor lips close at the sound of her baby's moans.

"One bright fine day I sold some forgotten piece of finery, and, with the proceeds, stocked a basket of spring flowers, which I asked Mary to try to sell, thinking she would feel happier for helping; then, after seeing her posted in the sunshine with baby on one arm and the basket on the other, and the blessed light of heaven shining full upon her with her flowers, I started away on the weary tramp after work.

"That night I only sought our humble home; Mary was missing.

"Like a crazed creature I sought in hospitals, aye, everywhere that might have given her shelter, but the morning found me still unsuccessful, and wild with grief and despair.

"As a last resource I visited the Morgue, holding the hope in my heart that I should not find her there,—but, oh God! how can I tell it? My search was ended. There, with her poor pale limbs bared to every eye, lay poor Mary; water softly washing over her sweet face and straightening her lovely hair; in her hand, clasped too tight to loose, bloomed a fresh sweet bunch of violets, and by her side, half covered by her hair, lay the poor starved baby with a smile upon its little blue lips."

The woman ceased, overcome with emotion, and Cecil, moved to tears, threw her arms about her, saying, "Tell me no more, it breaks my heart."

"There's but little more to tell," said the woman, drying her eyes." "God mercifully took away my sense for a while and I lay ill at a hospital.

"When I recovered, the matron obtained for me the situation I still retain at Madame Nathalie's.

"I earn more than enough for my wants, the rest I send to mother; but I dare not go home to face her without her other child so I linger on here and pray for patience and resignation under my load of grief.

"I will go now, miss; forgive my coming but I could not stand guiltily by and see you go blindly on to your misery.

"Cast that bad man from your life, and thank God you are spared a greater pain. And now, miss, shake hands to show you are not offended at my interference."

Cecil took her hand and held it while she poured out all the sympathy of her pure heart in tender words.

But the two women started apart as Sir Jessie Rolfe, who, unseen, had heard part of the story, strode towards them in the maddest fury, saying, "You lie, woman, I knew nothing of your vile sister; fasten not her shame on me, or by all the fiends I'll make you smart for it.

"Unsay your lies; tell this lady my promised wife, all you have said is false; do you hear! obey me, woman."

The two startled women faced him. Mercy was the first to speak.

"'Tis true as Heaven," she said, "you coward and dastard. Would to God I were a man and had the strength to strike you dead before me for your foul slander of the poor girl you ruined, then murdered by your cruelty."

"Aye," broke in Cecil, passionately, "and had she the power to kill you, I could stand by and see you die.

"You have set afloat a report that I am your promised wife. 'Tis a vile falsehood, for never will I vow myself to you; I hate, loathe, despise you with a contempt too deep for words.

"Go, do not dare to insult this poor woman by your hateful presence, and pause long ere you again intrude upon my private apartment.

"Before you go, take this as a surety of my future conduct. I believe all this poor soul has told me, and nothing on earth can blot out the remembrance of your foul sin."

Sir Jessie, not caring to prolong a scene so much to his disadvantage, with a muttered curse, left them.

A few days later Cecil visited Mercy West at her poor lodging, and when she left it was with Mercy's promise to return to England and her poor widowded mother.

For Cecil felt the happiness and power of wealth, and as she looked upon Mercy's grateful, gladdened face, she knew that in her case the money she had given her was indeed "bread upon the waters."

CHAPTER VII.

"FORESHADOWINGS."

ONE morning at breakfast Cecil hinted to her aunt her desire to return to England; but her suggestion was met by a decided refusal, Cecil was not lacking in spirit, therefore insisted in her desire, asking bluntly for her aunt's motive in refusing so reasonable a request.

"You are under my authority," was the irate reply; "and, henceforward, will submit to my will in this, and, I trust, in other matters; one of which is, that you treat my son with greater civility, and learn to look upon him as your future husband."

"That I will never do," said Cecil, rising in sudden passion; "he is a despicable villain, and seeks me for my fortune. Never will I again willingly break bread at the same table with him, and if he still persists in insulting me with his loathsome attentions, or promulgates false reports of my betrothal to him, I will appeal against your authority where I am likely to obtain redress.

"And allow me also to inform you that I cannot dispense with the services of my English maid, dear old nurse; I hope, therefore, you will countermand the order you have given for her dismissal."

Aunt Hester rose from her seat white as a sheet, and quivering with passion; she felt that now had come the trial of strength between her and her niece, and she determined at once to end all dispute, and show herself the conqueror; so, in a cold set tone, she said—

"Cecil, I have decided your future; therefore, if possible, you will consider with favor my son's suit; he is sincerely attached to you, and, from the time you were both children, the match has been considered settled by the whole of the family; had it not been so, rest assured you would not have been your uncle's heiress.

"Regarding that woman, Sophia Gurth, I dislike her prying meddling ways, and when I can find a woman suitable to take her place, I intend to discharge her and send her back to England.

"I am not likely to be shaken in my decision, so I hope you will not pester me further in the matter.

"Remember this is my establishment, and I discharge or retain such servants as I think proper.

"We leave Paris to-morrow, for Lausanne, where I have taken a house for the summer. Please be ready to go with me there."

So saying, the stately lady gathered up her letters, and swept majestically from the room, leaving Cecil a prey to a feeling of great mistrust and unrest.

She sought her old friend where she knew she would be likely to find her—in her dressing-room, packing her wardrobe.

"Oh, Miss Cecil," cried the faithful, loving soul, seeing the disturbed face of her young mistress; "what has happened? You are looking like a ghost.

"Is it true you leave to-morrow; and, if so, what is her crafty ladyship's last move?"

"Oh, dear nurse," cried Cecil, throwing herself, sobbing, into the good creature's arms; "what shall I do without you?"

The woman held her affectionately, saying, in soothing accents, "There, there, don't cry honey, hold up your bonnie head, and tell nurse your trouble."

Cecil did as she was desired, telling her nurse all her fears and grief. The woman listened gravely, saying—

"Well, she can send me away, but I need not go far. I'll stay near to watch over you my poor lamb, for they are cruel enough to do any wrong—marry you by force; then, perhaps, poison you for your money. But we'll baffle them yet. Only keep a brave heart, and don't let this unkindness break your spirit.

"Take my advice, lassie, let them think you give in a little, and be civil to your cousin. Throw dust in their eyes; let them fancy the game easier than it is."

"I see, nursie, what you mean—*ruse contre ruse*. It's all very well to bid me be of a brave spirit.

"I feel bold enough while you are by to give me your sympathy, and to share my anxiety; but how shall I feel when I am left entirely to their mercy, alone in a strange land, and without a friend?"

"Never despair," says nurse, cheerfully; "all will come well in the end. Now, dear lady, calm yourself, and let us settle what we had better do.

"First you must trust me with some money; nothing can be done without money, and we do not know what may lie before us.

"Next, give me the address of a friend you can trust, in case of extreme danger, for I believe your precious relatives will stop at nothing to gain their ends.

"Next dearie, look well to your health; brooding will make you sick, and a person

out of health is the last person in the world to be trusted with their own well-being. I expect, as soon as you are settled in the new house, I shall be dismissed without ceremony; but that is of little consequence, supposing we are prepared."

Cecil promised attention to everything the old lady suggested. She spent the rest of the day in writing a number of letters to her friends and acquaintances, telling them she was about to leave Paris.

One was to Lady Rutherford; another, which took a long time to indite, was to Brundel Havesham. It explained how she was placed, and all fears for the future, and ended by imploring him, in case of extreme peril, that he would declare himself her legal guardian.

"Of course," she wrote, "they will dispute it; but, at least, it will gain time. I will send, in case I am forced to depend on you for succor, the ring you gave me for that purpose; that will tell no tales, and will speak my cause to you without any risk."

These letters she gave to her maid to post without delay.

That night she gave Sophia Gurth the ring, with full instructions as to its use. She also entrusted the woman with a large sum of money, to be used, if need be, in her cause.

Then she went to rest with a lightened heart, trusting herself to God.

The next day broke dismally, heavy with rain and mist, but Mrs. Rolfe declared the weather should not postpone their journey.

Cecil felt very down-hearted. In vain she battled with a nameless foreshadowing of evil, that weighed down her spirit and caused hot tears to spring unbidden to her eyes.

Nurse Sophy watched her with troubled looks, for Cecil was dear to her as if she had been her own child; and as she was dressing her rich, glossy hair, she noticed that she was crying. She tried to soothe her, but Cecil said—

"Yes, nursie, I know you would teach me patience and faith, and I know I am over hasty to repine; yet 'my life is cold, and dark, and dreary,' and the most sunny natures of us, I suppose, must have found it so at times. But hasten, dear nurse; I hear Aunt Hester stirring the servants; it is time we were started."

So with a heavy heart and grim foreboding, Cecil joined her aunt, and commenced a journey which was, she felt, to form an epoch in her destiny.

The sun made a sickly effort to shine as the carriage stopped in a long disused road shadowed heavily by trees, from which the rain-drops fell drearily. Cecil looked out and saw that they were waiting outside strong rusty iron gates, through which she could dimly see an old greystone castle overgrown with ivy, and densely shut in with trees.

Then the gates were slowly swung back on their creaking hinges, and they drove into what looked like an old convent-garden by the high strong walls that shut it in from the outer world.

A dreary, decayed, spirit-depressing place was her first idea; then, being of a hopeful mind, she tried to fancy how it would look to her in the morning sun, when she was not weary with travel; and she decided that it was, or would be, a quaint picturesque place full of ancient snug corners and sweet old-world flowers.

"Here we are at last," said Aunt Hester, springing out of the musty conveyance; "and here is Jesse to welcome us."

Cecil followed her aunt, and treated Jesse coldly; then walked in to the bare stone hall, with a feeling that she was walking into a disused church.

The place was old and handsome, but sadly out of repair. As Cecil mounted the broad staircase, she could imagine courtly ladies, with sad set faces, walking down to meet their doom at the hands of the mad "bonnets rouges." Nurse Sophy met her on the broad landing and whispered, as she showed her to her room—

"A gruesome place to bring anyone to bridal. It is so damp and ramshackled, I don't believe anyone but the owls have lived here for a century."

"The place to read Mrs. Radcliffe's romances in, and enjoy creepy-creepy sensations to the full," said Cecil, with a faint smile.

Then Sophy led her young mistress into a large bare room, where a fire spluttered and smoked in a rusty fire-place, — a grim, ghostly room, with nothing light about it but the white bed and the latticed window which looked out into the pleasaunce, and on the ruins of a small chapel.

Fruit-trees grew about in rich abundance, and gaudy flowers lifted their heads as though defying decay to touch them.

"A strange old place indeed," said Cecil, turning from the view with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction.

"Get me some tea here, nurse, and unpack that case of new books. I won't go down this evening. Say that I do not feel well, and intend to rest."

Nurse went to do her lady's bidding, and Cecil, with a shivering sensation of cold, sank into a high back chair, and tried to feel comfortable.

Tea revived her a little, and she devoted her attention to a novel; but after a while she was obliged to confess she felt ill, and, at Sophy's advice, got to bed, saying, "She would be better in the morning, but was afraid she was threatened with a severe cold."

The morning sun awoke her, feeling unrefreshed and feverish, with a slight sore throat, and an uncomfortable sensation of being ill.

Sophy persuaded her to remain in bed, and went at once to Mrs. Rolfe to tell her of her niece's indisposition. That lady received her with anger and doubt, declaring it was but a ruse on Cecil's part to keep her room and sulk.

Sophy's honest face flushed with indignation, and she unwisely answered the lady in her own insolent fashion, thereby giving her an excuse to immediately dismiss her, which Mrs. Rolfe did with great severity, bidding her to be prepared to leave Miss Rolfe's service without fail that day week, with sufficient salary to compensate for the shortness of the notice.

Sophy returned to Cecil, with tears in her eyes, to tell her of her dismissal. Cecil's fever-bright cheeks were wet with tears, as she tried to console her companion. So Mrs. Rolfe found her when she came to judge with her own eyes the truth of Cecil's indisposition.

"You make your mistress ill by this absurd scene," she said to Sophy. Leave the room at once and do not return until you can control yourself.

"I never saw such an exhibition. No wonder, my dear Cecil, you look feverish; you are far too indulgent,"

Sophy left the room with downcast face, and Mrs. Rolfe seated herself by her niece, whom she watched narrowly for a while; then seeing she did really seem ill, went down and told her son.

"An unfortunate thing for me," said Jesse, "If Cecil is really in for a bout of illness, I musn't be put off much longer. Delay means ruin to me, I must get the handling of her money before three months are passed, or my name will be dishonored all over England. Send for a doctor at once. Lose no time in getting her about; then we must settle our plans for bending her to our will. My wife she must and shall be quickly, *bon gre mal gre*; and look here, *ma mere*, get rid of that meddlesome old woman, Gurth. I hate her ugly face. She's a suspicious old toad."

So saying, this worthy young man whistled to his dog and went out into the golden sunshine to enjoy a cigar, with a pleasant stroll into lovely Lausanne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

"MY ELDEST sister," said Geordie.

"And the other?"

"There is no other. We are three. Isn't there some poem about 'we are three?' No; I believe it is some other number. But the spirit is the same," said Geordie.

"I thought—I fancied," Estelle began; and, but that the soft caressing furs shielded her to the tip of her nose, the young man would have wondered at the color which suddenly overspread her cheek. "I was under the impression that you had three sisters."

"Three sisters? Poor Geordie!" exclaimed a ringing mischievous voice behind them. "Miss Verney, don't you know that it isn't good form for a young man to have any sisters? They are things never alluded to in public, like other inherited disadvantages and encumbrances, and to be made the best of when they happen to come to light. It's bad enough to have two of us; but three."

"No," said Geordie resignedly. "One Feena is as much as any poor fellow can be expected to appreciate."

Feena shook her muff at him as she darted off once more.

"There is Lady Drummond just come on," said Miss Verney. "May I trouble you, Mr. Armstrong, to take me across? I should like to speak to her. I thought," she added, as they threaded the moving groups, "that Tim had told me of another Miss Armstrong—a pale young lady, with dark hair, who dressed a 'sister' or some kind of a novice."

"Tim? Oh, now I see! You mean my cousin, Christal Melville. She was brought up with us at Woodford.

"Tim saw her with us at Wintlesholme when we first went there with Mervyn, and Janet and Feena were in London. She has always been like one of us. My mother must miss her a good deal."

"She is not with you now then?"

"No. She is a woman with a mission—a glorious little woman too!" said Geordie, with enthusiasm. "She has gone out to Mirzapore to nurse the wounded. Mervyn may chance to be her patient—for the second time."

"For the second?"

"Yes. When the railway accident happened, he was brought to Woodford, and Christie, who had just completed her hospital training, came in for her first case."

"Her first case?" came, echoed faintly, from under the buffalo rug.

"Yes," assented Geordie, deliberately shooting past the lake-house where Lady Drummond sat amongst a posse of dowagers and non-skaters, comfortably warmed by a gas-stove, and with hot water foot-warmers.

"Yes, Christie and a great gun of a trained nurse from London. They brought him through triumphantly between them. In the family we gave Christie all the credit, of course; and"—with a pause and a little laugh—"I think Mervyn did so too. The woman from London was a griffin—a sort of female hospital orderly. There was no romance about her, you know."

Estelle had apparently forgotten all about her desire to speak to Lady Drummond. They had made the entire round of the lake without accomplishing that object, and had now returned to the point from which they had set out, under the shelter of the high northeast bank and its ice-powdered fringe of alders.

Geordie was leaning over the back of the chair, propelling it gently before him and talking in a confidential tone on the subject which always seemed to crop up between these two.

"Mr. Mervyn must have been very grateful to your cousin." Miss Verney spoke in a quiet, slow tone, with her head partly turned away from her charioteer.

"Grateful? Yes," answered Lieutenant Armstrong. "Christie seems to be a sort of good genius to Mervyn. It is quite a romantic story. When he began to pick up a little after the accident, and—and all the rest, you know, we went down to Wintlesholme together—Mervyn and my mother and Christie.

"Mervyn was awfully down, and we were trying to shake him up. We tried yachting, amongst other things; and one day in a gale of wind, Mervyn got knock overboard, shifting sail."

A little stifled cry came from under the wrappings in the chair.

"Oh, we picked him up," said Geordie reassuringly. "And Christie behaved like a br—— I mean like his good genius again. She was the first to throw out a rope, and helped to haul it in too. If it hadn't been for Christie, we should hardly have been in time to save him. So, you see, it seems to be in the natural sequence of things that they should meet out in India, and that Christie's mission should be——"

"Estelle, how cold you look—quite chilled! Do go round to the lake-house, and have a warm. Mr. Armstrong, please take her round at once.

"See how pale she is. I am afraid she will be ill." It was Clara Wilmer's voice from the pathway above their heads.

"John has gone for the waggonette. We will walk round and meet you," called Clara. "Mr. Armstrong, will you see that Miss Verney has a glass of hot spiced wine at once? I am afraid she has taken cold." The Vicaress was making the most of Estelle's paleness, as she generally did of any cause for complaint where Geordie was concerned.

"The step of the waggonette is too high for your foot." Mr. Armstrong suggested, as he assisted Miss Verney into the lake-house. "My sleigh is here—my fellow was to bring it round at three o'clock—and it is only a short stopt from the ground. Hadn't you better let me drive you to the Rectory? Black Prince is very steady in harness."

Lady Drummond seconded the suggestion.

The waggonette came round presently, packed as full of children as the old woman's shoe in the nursery rhyme.

It was Lady Drummond who went out and explained to the Vicar on his driving-seat the amended arrangement.

"Lady Drummond will drive Estelle back," Mr. Wilmer, misunderstanding, announced in brief terms to his wife over his shoulder, for the wind blew cold and his horse was fidgety. "Thank you; the sleigh will be an improvement," he said to Lady Drummond as he turned round. "This is a high step."

The sleigh, piled up with buffalo rugs and jingling with musical bells, was drawn up on the hard snow-trodden path. The Vicar glanced with the eye of a connoisseur at Black Prince as he passed.

"Drummond has bought another horse," he remarked to himself. "A fine animal; good legs, plenty action. I wonder where he got him?"

"Lilian has taken cold—she does nothing but sneeze—and Dolly is beginning to cough.

"We ought not to have stayed so late. When once the sun begin to sink, these winter days are ended," Clara Wilmer said anxiously, wrapping her little ones, and forgetting in her maternal solicitude the responsible duties of her chaperonage.

The distance from the lake to the Rectory was something over two miles.

Black Prince could have done it easily in twenty minutes; in fact, stimulated by the sharp wind and aggravated by a long cold ten minutes of waiting, he showed every inclination to get over the ground in even less than that time.

A good deal of credit was therefore due to Geordie's manipulation of the fine animal, inasmuch as he contrived to bring him up to the Rectory porch exactly one hour and ten minutes after leaving the lake-house.

And in that hour and ten minutes poor Geordie had made his venture, staking all his hopes on a single throw, and losing.

He had not meant to try his fate quite so soon! he called himself a fool as he curbed Black Prince so sharply that the spirited creature reared and plunged under the unmerited insult.

But there been something—he hardly knew what—a sort of subdued agitation in the pale face and troubled eyes which Lady Drummond's hospitable care failed to restore to their normal composure, a tremor in the little hand which rested on Geordie's as he handed Estelle into the sleigh, a silence charged, like the atmosphere before a storm, with fateful meaning, as the two drove along, side by side, through the bridal white of the snow-mantled lanes; and a hope, delicious, overpowering, stole into Geordie's heart and thrilled through his veins. It was Estelle who spoke first.

"Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you were speaking just now of your—your cousin."

"Christie? Yes," said Estelle, "something about the work she has undertaken—how to set about such work, I mean—where to find it? I—I—the truth is, Mr. Armstrong, I am ashamed, when I hear of what other women are doing, of the selfish stagnation of my own life."

"You—you?" began Geordie.

"Yes; I want work." It was spoken with a kind of passionate misery. "I—am alone in the world. I have no one who wants me."

"Miss Verney?"

"No," she corrected, warned by something in his tone. "I am not ungrateful, I have dear friends—the kindest, the best—but I have no home ties to claim me or to keep me from working in the world. And the dead calm of this life is killing me!" The last sentence was spoken half to herself as if involuntarily.

"Miss Verney—Estelle," Geordie burst out, "why do you look for work outside—a long way off? Won't you take the work which lies here under your hand? Won't you make me the happiest, most blessed fellow in all the world? Don't you know can't you see—how I love you? I have loved you ever since the first hour of our meeting. Won't you—can't you"—breaking into a nervous laugh—"take me for your first patient?"

At his first words, Estelle had turned a startled, pained look upon him. With a deprecating gesture she put up her hand.

"Don't—don't!" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Armstrong, I never thought of—of this! I was so glad of your friendship—so grateful to you. Don't say another word which you may be sorry for having spoken."

"Why not?" cried Geordie, valiantly fighting against a cold conviction which blanched his brown cheeks and shook the hand which held in Black Prince. "Why not? Why can't you begin to think of it now? Is friendship so far from love? Couldn't you"—with a tremulous smile, half comical, half pathetic—"get used to the other idea in time, you know?"

They had been driving round and round those white lanes in a circle, with Hawarden Rectory as a centre, executing a sort of mystic emblem of eternity, or of love perhaps. Black Prince had it all his own way, and that way was the broad Southminster road, which led to his own stable.

The Rectory was fast disappearing in the distance, and neither of the two was in the least conscious of the fact.

Estelle was in tears. It seemed to her a great misfortune that this brave, generous soul—Tempest's friend—should give her, of all women, his love, a sorrowful pity too that such a love as his should be wasted.

She did not by any means take the Vicar's easy skeptical view of such an accident; it was a solemn tragical catastrophe to her.

And, just for one moment, as he pleaded with her in eloquent passionate words, she felt the beating of his heart and heard the tremor in his voice.

Such a love as he offered her seemed to her lonely aching heart like the warm glow and shelter of home to the desolate outcast.

"I cannot—I must not!" she exclaimed desperately, turning away from him.

"Why not?" he cried, eagerly pressing what seemed like a momentary advantage. "Is it Mrs. Wilmer? She does not like me, I know."

"Mrs. Wilmer? No."

"Is it"—he stopped a moment, drawing his breath deeply—"that there is some one else? Miss Verney, I will never give up hope unless you tell me that I am too late, that you are engaged already."

"I—am not engaged," she said, coloring painfully; "but you must give up hope, Mr. Armstrong—indeed you must. I shall never marry."

"It is so very hard to love me?" he asked her.

"No, it is not hard," she answered; "if you will let me love you as your friend, as your sister, it will be very easy. "I cannot tell you how much I value your friendship" —wistfully.

"No, it is not enough," he replied, shaking his head. "I want so much more from you. I give you so much more. Oh, Estelle, my darling, let me teach you how to love me as I love you!"

"I cannot," she repeated, shrinking from him as he bent over her.

"Then there is some one else," he said.

"Yes, there is some one else," she answered, weeping, and hiding her face.

He deserved so much from her.

"And you will not marry him?"

"I shall never marry him."

He thought he understood. That other was unworthy. He had forfeited his right to her love; but she loved him still.

"I should be sorry to take advantage of another man's misfortune," he began, after a pause.

"Yes, I am sure you would," she answered him quickly, smiling divinely at him through her tears; "so we will both try to forget all you have said; won't we?"

Her hand stole out, timidly at first, from amongst the furs, then bravely, and she smiled again up into his disconsolate face.

What could he do but take the hand she offered him, feeling that that favor was more fatal than the coldest repulse?

"Forget?" he answered ruefully. "Forget? No, Miss Verney, I can never do that. I think I don't want to do it. But, if ever you should want a friend's help or service, I shall be ready—without fee or reward"—he tried to smile; "and—— I should like to shoot him, whoever he is," he ended savagely to himself—"the scoundrel!"

"Where are we?" exclaimed Estelle, looking anxiously out through the cold evening fog as the second milestone on the road to Southminster flew past. "Oh, Mr. Armstrong, take me home at once, if you

please! It is so late, and we—we have lost our way."

"Yes, I have lost my way," said Geordie, turning Black Prince round with a suddenness and a viciousness which hurt that animal's sensitive feelings. He reared, plunged, stood up as nearly on end as circumstances permitted, then flew like the wind along the ice-bound road.

"There—that has done us both good!" said Black Prince's master, as he patted the creature's smoking flanks at the Rectory door. "Now for Beechwood and Feena. She may be able to guess who the fellow is!"

And, after a wistful glance back at the lighted windows of the Rectory drawing-room, like the Peri shut out of Paradise, Geordie turned his downcast face once more towards the cold mist and the gray wintry twilight.

CHAPTER XXII.

"COME in!" called Feena's voice, in answer to Geordie's knock at her door.

"Where are you?" asked he, stumbling in in the half-darkness.

"Here"—from the hearthug. "Take care of the tea-table and the footstool. Stay—I will stir up the fire. Now you dear old blunderer"—unwinding a knitted Afghan and a yard or two of crimson cloud from about his legs—"let me unhobble you."

"What are you doing in the dark?" asked Geordie. "Are you dressed?"

"Yes. I dressed in good time. I have no maid here, you know: Sophy is with Janet. Lady Drummond sends hers to me, so I have to get my own affairs out of the way early.

"And then you sit down and mope in the dark. What a flowling swell you are, Fee!"—as Feena lighted the candles.

"What have you done to yourself?"—looking admiringly at her.

"That get-up is awfully jolly! And your eyes, and your hair! I never thought you half so pretty before. She was right"—with a sudden fall of face and voice.

"Thank you, sir," said Feena, making a little curtsey.

"And who may the 'she' be who honors me with her gracious approval, and who has improved your taste apparently?"

Geordie had thrown himself down into a lounging-chair, and bent his head, so that Feena could not see his face as he looked from her into the fire. He did not answer her question; and something in the forlorn depressed droop of the tall figure gave the quick-witted little sister a sudden inkling of the truth.

"Geordie," she said softly, sitting down again in her old place on the rug and nestling against his knee, "I can guess who your 'she' is. It's a good sign when 'she' approves of her belongings. 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. It seems to me that you are making progress."

"She has refused me," confessed Geordie bluntly, with a groan.

"She hasn't!" cried Feena indignantly.

"It is true," said Geordie.

"Nonsense! She doesn't mean it," said Feena.

"She holds back that she may advance with a better grace. Did you expect her to surrender at the first shot? You men are so conceited!"

"No," said Geordie, "it is final. I was too late in the field. Some other fellow—hang him!—has made the running before me, whilst I was living in a fool's Paradise and flattering myself that she was beginning to care for me a little bit."

"Poor old Geordie!" whispered Feena softly. "She has behaved shamefully!"

"She is an angel!" cried Geordie, firing up instantly.

"And the 'other fellow'—who is he?" asked Feena.

"Heaven knows!" answered Geordie.

"You don't?"—"No. How I could ask her?"

"You have no idea?"

"No, unless"—with a sudden inspiration—"unless it is Drummond. By George, that is it! It is Drummond; and I——"

"Geordie," cried Feena, rising to her feet and turning as white as her snowy draperies, "what are you saying? What do you mean?"

"Why, what is the matter?" retorted Geordie, staring blankly at her.

He had risen also. The brother and sister stood looking breathlessly at each other.

"He—she—how can she dare to say it?" cried Feena presently, with quivering lips.

"She has said nothing about it. Didn't I tell you I never asked her? I only thought he is the only man worth looking at about here, and she sees so much of him," Geordie explained. "Why, Fee, what is it to you."

"A good deal," answered Feena, clasping his arm with her trembling fingers and looking down hard at his sleeve-buttons. "Geordie, I was going to tell you that Sir Wilfrid asked me to-day to—to be his wife."

"Did he really? Then it isn't he, of course. I'm awfully glad!" cried Geordie, momentarily forgetting his own troubles in this exciting information. "Here, you little goose"—feeling how she was trembling—"sit down here"—putting her into his chair—"and tell me all about it. How quickly you have managed it all! Why, you haven't been here three days!"

"You forgot," said Feena, smiling and blushing, "we had met before. We were only renewing acquaintance."

"What, did it begin at Cadenabbia? How close you have been! And I"—reproachfully—"I took you into my confidence from the first!"

"That is quite a different thing," said Feena, reviving sufficiently to laugh. "We women can only 'speak when we're spoken to,' like good children, you know."

"And I never thought of speaking to you about Drummond," said Geordie. "I—do you know, I fancied at Cadenabbia that he was spoony on Christie."

"Why should you always fancy it must be somebody else?" said Feena, with a pout.

"Is it so very impossible to your mind that it should be poor little me?"

"No, not to-night," answered Geordie, looking down admiringly on the glowing little gipsy beauty. "You were always the jolliest, dearest little girl in the world; but to-night you are the prettiest as well."

"Your eyes are opened only to-night," said Feena saucily; "other people's have been open all the time."

Her brilliant dark eyes were dewy with tears.

"I'm awfully glad!" Geordie repeated. "I can't tell you how glad, Fee.

"Drummond is a capital fellow. That is why he has been so civil, I suppose. Tell me all about it from the beginning," drawing up a chair close to her. A love-story had a special charm for him just then.

"Well, the beginning," said Feena, playing nervously with her bracelet, "was at Cadenabbia. Then Christie—that is—you know her way."

"Christie's way?" interrupted Geordie, puzzled.

"Yes; her way. Oh, you and papa are glamored, like the rest! You know nothing about Christie and her ways. Well, she came between—us."

"You are jealous, in fact, that is the English of it," laughed Geordie.

"Yes, that is your English," said Feena composedly. "Mine is that Christie tried her fascinations on Sir Wilfrid, and I—I believed she had succeeded.

"I thought that I had been mistaken—that it was Christie after all. I fancied he was another victim, as blind as——"

"My father and I?" Geordie finished the sentence.

"Yes, and some more. I know all Christie's repertoire by heart. I saw her go through the whole gamut of her fascinations."

"And you retired from the lists?" said Geordie.

"Yes; I left her a clear field."

"And won after all?"

"Don't laugh about it," said Feena, with a perilous quiver in her voice. "Then Lady Drummond asked us all to come here. I hated it! I cannot tell you how I hated it."

"You good little thing!"—stroking her white arm. "You came for me?"

"Yes," said Feena: "I came for you, dear."

"I wondered why you were on your dignity at first," said Geordie. "But you must have known long ago that it wasn't Christie."

"How could I tell? She might have played with him, and thrown him away when she was tired of him, and the game got serious. I have seen her do that sort of thing before," returned Feena.

"Poor Christie! I don't believe a word of it!" cried Geordie. "You women are so viciously down on one another when——"

"When we are jealous," interrupted Feena; "and jealousy is the only possible sentiment between two women, from a masculine point of view—isn't it?"

"It is a sentiment at least very possible, in the circumstances in question," said Geordie drily.

"Well, I was jealous, I suppose," admitted Feena; "but it is something else as well, Geordie."

"No doubt. And you are satisfied now it is all right?"

"Yes, there never was for a moment any—— He would have told me last year at the lakes what he told me to-day but for my own coldness. He thought I did not care," said Feena, with sweet happy blushes.

"So you misjudged Christie?"

"Not at all; she would have prevented my happiness—if she could. Not that she wanted him particularly, but that she likes to conquer every male creature she meets with. She is insatiable."

"Nonsense, Fee!"

Feena shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, we won't discuss the subject further. You wanted to know the whole story and I have told it to you. And now, dear old boy, about yours.

"Can't that come right too? You know the course of true love never did run smooth. It may be only your little crooked bit now, and it may be got over." Feena was too happy not to be sanguine.

"If I only knew who the other man is!" said Geordie, pulling savagely at his short moustache.

"You couldn't shoot him you know, even then," said Feena.

"No. I wish I could."

"Let me see," said Feena, resting her dimpled chin in her hand and knitting her brows with anxious thought. "It is rather a hopeless affair, considering that your mutual acquaintance is rather limited. Ah!" with a start.

Geordie had sprung up and was pacing to and fro.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, coming close up to his sister.

"I—it was only an idea," answered Feena hesitating and turning away from Geordie's eager look.

"Give me the benefit of it," said he

"No, it is hardly worth while," she answered.

"At all events, you can let me judge of that. An idea is worth something. I haven't the ghost of one left myself," replied Geordie, rubbing his forehead.

But Feena remained silent. She shivered a little as she knelt down before the fire, holding her hands to the blaze, and keeping her face still in the shadow.

"Well?" said Geordie, waiting.

"You will be late for dinner," she answered, without turning round. "The dressing-bell rang a long time ago."

"Never mind. Tell me what you meant just now. Is it Drummond, after all?"

"No, no!"

"Then who is it? Come, I shan't go till you have told me. What is the matter, Fee? If it isn't Drummond, why should you mind?"

"I—Geordie, why do you make me speak? I may be very wrong." But in her heart, as proof after proof crowded on her mind, Feena felt, by a sure instinct, that she was right.

"Tell me," insisted Geordie.

"You know," hesitated Feena, thus pressed. "Miss Verney has only just told you that she knew Mr. Mervyn in Paris. Well, he is the hero of the hour"—hurrying on her words at no sound from Geordie behind her "and it seems to me that if it had been an ordinary acquaintance, she would have spoken before of having met him, when all the world is talking of him, and you are known to be his intimate friend. That would be simply natural, at all events. And to-day, when his name was mentioned on the ice, I remember there was something in her manner, just a shade.

"I hardly thought of it at the time, but, now that I look back, it was certainly peculiar.

"I may be wrong," cried Feena, shrinking from her own conclusion as the ominous silence behind her went to her heart. "It need not be——"

"It is," said Geordie, with a groan, at last. "What a fool I have been! I knew there was some attraction for Mervyn in Paris—he half confessed it.

"I thought that it was some Frenchwoman, and that she had thrown him over when he was in trouble.

"But I see it all now. Of course she listened by the hour to my talk of him; and she cared only for me because I was his chum."

"Poor old Geordie! It was hard on you," sympathized Feena.

"You are awfully sharp, Fee," said Geordie, with a ghost of a pale smile; "you have got to the bottom of it at once. Is it a fellow-feeling which has made you so wise? I suppose it is."

"I wish—I wish I could be all wrong just now," returned Feena softly, resting her head caressingly against his arm as he stood. "She"—with a little show of indignation—— "It is a shame, Geordie!"

"She is not to blame," Geordie interposed quickly. "It is I who have been a blind idiot. I remember the day the news came of that affair in India.

"There was a dinner-party here, and they were speaking of it. Old Colonel Lowndes dragged up the murder-story, and I flashed out and told them that old Mervyn was my best friend.

"She was sitting just opposite me: she gave me such a look—as if she thanked me for standing up for him. I got Drummond to introduce me afterwards, when we went up into the drawing-room.

"'Your friend is a hero,' she said, when we talked of him again; and I thanked her. She was half crying.

"I thought she was a true woman, ready to be touched by a splendid action like that—sympathetic and all the rest—and I think she is a noble creature all the same," said poor Geordie. "She has been true to him through all. When the man's confession came out, I went to her and told her. She had shown so much interest, I thought, and I—I was glad of any excuse to be with her, I suppose," he confessed simply. "I was awfully excited, and so was she. But I never guessed—— How should I?"

"No, how should you?" echoed Feena. "If you had been a woman, you would have scented a rival long ago, but, being a man—— Well, I think every engaged person ought to be labelled for the protection of society."

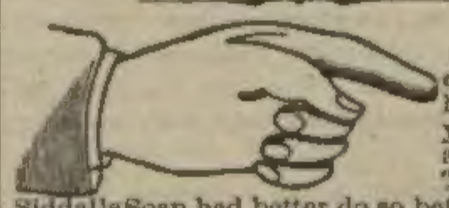
"She is engaged. She denied it," corrected Geordie. "It must be that there was an attachment in Paris, and then came all that horrible affair, and no doubt her people interfered, and the thing was broken off. Now that it is clear——" Geordie stopped suddenly; he remembered the decisive "I shall never marry him." "There is something wrong about it," he said presently, in a perplexed tone.

"Yes," allowed Feena; "there is Christie. She has come between those two, as she came between—us."

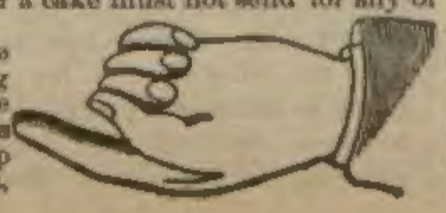
"Christie! By George, that is it! She has heard of Christie, and she is——"

"Jealous," suggested Feena archly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



Scientific and Useful.

MAKING VINEGAR.—In France when vinegar is to be made clean barrels are rinsed with old vinegar before the new substance is put in. The rinsing is said to make vinegar in about half the time required without this practice.

FOR BURNS.—The following is said to be an excellent remedy for burns: One ounce of pulverized borax, one quart of boiling water, half ounce of pulverized alum. Shake up well and bottle. Wrap the burn up in a soft linen and keep constantly wet with the solution. Do not remove the linen until the burn is cured.

MAHOGANIZING WOOD.—The most simple and best stain for mahoganizing cherry is ground burnt sienna, mixed in benzine or turpentine. Apply with a brush or sponge, let it stand for a short time and clean off with a cloth. It will be better to let it remain in this condition until the following day before commencing to finish.

OIL ON THE WATERS.—The ancient device of pouring oil upon the troubled waters is to be revived. A Welshman has invented a piece of apparatus for the smoothing of broken sea by means of oil, and a few days ago the contrivance was tried with considerable success. The oil was conveyed to the sea by means of a pipe about 200 yards long. The pumping soon took effect on a piece of rough water. The oil spread and rendered the surface of the harbor quite smooth over a large area.

CASES OF DROWNING.—It may not be generally known that, when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case both will be drowned.

BRITISH GUNPOWDER.—The British Government has some very stringent rules regarding the manufacture of gunpowder for the public service. The charcoal is to be made of dogwood and must be of the utmost cleanliness, any trace of the bark being considered an impurity sufficient to condemn it. The wood must also be cut in the spring, not that it is not just as good at any other time, but because when the sap is rising the bark is easily removed and the wood is perfectly clean, while with wood cut later the process of separation involves the boiling of the wood or the shaving of the bark with a knife, and the wood itself decays much faster when stacked.

Farm and Garden

GRASS.—Grass grown on manured land gives a more nutritive fodder, richer (especially in albuminoids) than that grown upon unmanured or poorly manured land. The difference is sometimes as great as 10 per cent.

FATTENING STOCK.—Cattle undergoing a fattening process, as well as those kept for the production of milk, should enjoy the greatest possible amount of rest. All violent exercise must be guarded against, as it greatly increases the decomposition of fat.

POT-BOUND PLANTS.—Such plants as abutilons, fuchsias and geraniums as have become pot-bound, and which it is desirable to winter over without growth, may be kept in the house at a low temperature during the winter, remaining in the pots without any change until spring, and then be planted out if desired.

THE WAX PLANT.—Washing the leaves of the wax plant occasionally is the very best treatment for it. When washing, brushing with a soft brush about the axils of the leaves will tend to keep the plant free from mealy bugs, one of its insect enemies. When the plant commences its growth we would supply it at once a week with weak manure water.

MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSES.—Movable poultry houses are small cabins, some with wooden floors three or four inches from the ground, and on small wheels. They are easily pushed about from place to place. Others have no floors or wheels, but are lifted by handles. These are specially adapted for grass fields and summer use. If they are constantly moved the grass is greatly benefited by the droppings.

OLD PORK BARRELS.—Farmers are often at a loss how to clean an old pork barrel, making it fresh and sweet. We have seen the following plan recommended: It is simply to fill the tainted cask or barrel with fresh earth; let it stand a couple of days, when this should be emptied out and more earth put in. After two or three days empty this out, and make assurance doubly sure, invert the barrel and burn under it some bits of cloth saturated with solutions of sulphur brimstone.

PAINT FOR BARNS.—A good cheap paint for barns and outhouses is made as follows: Put half a bushel of good lime in a clean barrel, and add sufficient water to make a thin whitewash; stir it well with a flattened stick until every lump of lime is broken up; then add fifty pounds mineral paint, fifty pounds whiting, fifty pounds road dust, finely sifted; mix to a thick paste with linseed oil, and thin gradually to the proper consistence with sweet buttermilk fresh from the churn. The covering quality is improved by the addition of a gallon of soft soap.

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Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The Illustration in a former number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said then the Illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only, as the picture really covers over 500 square inches.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1882.

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SWEET HOME.

It is really the Home which governs the world, for it is there that those principles of conduct and action are imbibed which men afterwards carry with them into active life. There the character of man is formed; his education is built up; his notions of right and wrong are implanted; and his whole course in after life is determined, for good or for evil. The home is the crystal of society; it is the school of civilization; it is the centre round which the moral and social world revolves.

The home power is the great power; and to develop this and to direct it aright ought to be the first aim of all true reformers. We are all reformers; we all wish to make the world better, and to help it forward while we live, so that, when we lie down at the end of our lives our race may have been something the better for us. Some are working in one way; some in another, but to all we say, here is the beginning—the Home; do not neglect this. Civilization really and truly begins at home.

And here we have a word for woman, who is the chief director of this home power. There are some who think, and who say, that women have not yet sufficient power. It is not a power involving the most tremendous responsibilities, to have the formation of the characters of men and women, and the direction, for good or evil, of their entire moral nature? To have committed to them almost the entire dominion of home, through which the world is governed? To hold the universal heart of man? To give the mind its first rise towards virtue, to implant that disposition which leads to elevation of soul and generosity of heart, to nobility of sentiment, and to purity of thought and action, or the contrary of all these? Is not this a power far greater than, as law-makers, they could ever hope to exercise? We cannot keep power from woman; Nature has given it to her, and man cannot usurp it. She governs the world "with the whole power of a despot."

Woman mainly determines what the moral atmosphere of the home shall be. By her good temper, suavity, and kindness, she diffuses round her a spirit of love. Her greatest power is her gentleness—gentleness, aided with firmness when required, woman is generally able to constrain even the most unruly natures to obedience and subjection. The mother almost invariably gives the moral tone to the family; not ending with her government there only, but living in the future lives of her children, and through them in all time coming.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE camels set adrift in the Arizona deserts about twenty-five years ago have greatly increased in numbers, and have grown to a very large size. The Indians whose horses are frightened by them are capturing these camels and selling them to menageries for trifling sums.

—

PEOPLE who sign subscriptions should understand that the Supreme Court decides they must be paid. It was shown in the court below, that, relying on the subscriptions which were over $12,000, certain additions and repairs were made on the building to the amount of $3,000, and this was not admitted as assuming a liability or expending money by the Des Moines University on the faith of the subscriptions, and the jury gave a verdict for one Livingston, the subscriber. The Supreme Court says the exclusion of testimony showing the expenditure of money on the faith of the subscription was an error, as that would constitute a consideration sufficient to support the subscription. The case was sent back for correction in accordance with this ruling.

—

IN a libel suit in San Francisco, growing out of the *Chronicle's* accusation that the *Bulletin* sold its editorial influence to the Central Pacific Railroad for $30,000, the presiding Judge ruled that such a charge was not libelous. "Is it morally or legally wrong for a person to advocate a project, matter, or claim, for pecuniary or valuable consideration?" his Honor asked, and he then proceeded to answer the question in the negative. "Talent is as much the capital of the advocate, the lawyer, and the editor, as merchandise is of the merchant; he has as much right to sell his talents as the merchant his merchandise. The lawyer, the minister, the parliamentary advocate, the lecturer, the author, sells his talent, and he is not the less respected for so doing. The greater his learning, industry and eloquence, and the esteem in which he is held, the greater his pecuniary compensation. It seems to me that it is no more libelous to accuse one of selling for gain the support and advocacy of his newspaper than it would be to accuse the merchant of selling for gain his merchandise."

—

THE Empress Eugenie, five-and-twenty years ago counted one of the handsomest women in Europe, is said to be badly broken down. Though still young enough in years, the once rich and glossy nut-brown tresses are faded white by grief and reverse of fortune. The transparent beauty of form is spoiled, the frame curved and wasted. Latterly her health has been fast failing, and the gloom which fell upon her life after the fatality in South Africa rises at longer intervals, so that she remains for days confined in her chamber. The accidental fall on the stairs in her new house still further shook the weakened nerves, and although no bodily injury to speak of was sustained, her health has suffered a great deal since. The constant visits from members of the royal family of England are among the greatest comforts the lonely and exiled sovereign possesses.

—

BY aid of the dioscope, an ingenious instrument brought to the public notice during the Parisian Electrical Congress, patrons of the drama will henceforth be able to see as well as hear their favorite operatic and histrionic artists without moving a yard from home. The apparatus consists of a small "objective" lens, fixed in a position commanding the stage of some theatre, and connected by an electric wire with a diminutive white glass plate, which may be framed and set in the panel of a private drawing-room, however distant from the play-house in question. Total darkness having been obtained in a room furnished with a dioscope, a perfect picture of the stage, its scenery, actors, etc., faithful in color, and absolutely reproducing the whole performance, will become visible upon the surface of the glass plate. Supplemented by a telephone communicating with the theatre, the dioscope will therefore enable its owner to spend his evening at the opera in dressing gown and slippers, seated at home in an easy chair.

—

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed a circular letter to the clergy and laity of England, suggesting that it ought to be a matter of interest to the church to assist the great stream of British emigrants, who, to the number of about two hundred thousand, yearly leave the ports of Great Britain for the United States or British colonies. He suggests an organized effort to give every parish clergyman the means of telling intending emigrants in his parish what the most suitable fields of emigration are, what are the special advantages of each, and of helping them when they really emigrate. The idea is an admirable one, especially if the clergymen and laity who accept it will but tell the whole truth and give proposing emigrants the advantage of knowing all they may of the United States, no less than British colonies. What we should rather fear would be a clerical tendency to try and bias emigration toward British possessions, and away from the United States, and this would not be fair to the emigrant. He should know all that was to be said for every English-speaking community where there is still large breathing room, and there is no doubt that the United States have some of the heaviest advantages in their favor.

—

PHYSICAL exercise in some systematic manner is a duty we owe not merely to our bodies, but to our whole nature. It will vitalize the blood, quicken the energies, give firmness to the nerves, and lay a foundation upon which we may build a wholesome and successful life. Especially should care be taken not to discourage the young in their natural fondness for physical exercise. Many boys and girls have relinquished sports eminently fitted to invigorate and strengthen them, and which they thoroughly enjoyed, because of the slighting remarks of their elders and from fear of being thought childish. We cannot estimate the evil consequences that may follow when we persuade a young girl that good, hard play is unladylike, or a boy that it is unmanly. On the contrary such sports should receive our most thorough respect and most careful sympathy. Not to shorten, but to prolong the time during which they may be suffered to promote health and happiness should be our aim, and when the taste for them declines, our effort should be to replace them by more congenial exercise, but never to sink into physical inaction ourselves, or to countenance it in any one over whom we exert an influence.

—

DURING the trial of a Commonwealth case at the late term of the Perry county Court the attention of Judge Barnett was directed, by an incident transpiring in the trial, to the too common practice of brow-beating witnesses by attorneys. The Judge availed himself of the opportunity, and gave expression to his sentiments regarding the practice in a dignified yet forcible manner. Witnesses did not come on the stand at their own option, he said, but in compliance with the mandate of the law. The majority of them know little or nothing of the usages or practices in the court-room, and are, for the most part, in an entirely new position, consequently they are frequently embarrassed when confronted by attorneys who have spent years in court. They should be treated in a gentlemanly why, and not confused by innuendo or harshness. They will give their information as intelligently as they can, provided they are given opportunity and encouragement; and further, that they have not the means of defending themselves from the wordy assaults of lawyers that they have of protecting their rights in every-day life. He then read the rule of the Court governing the examination of witnesses, and requested that it be observed.

—

A FRENCH chemist named Gros has made a discovery which acquits both France and Germany of the charge brought by each against the other of having used poisoned bullets during the late war. This horrid accusation has been defended by the surgeons on both sides, who have persisted in declaring that poison was present in many wounds which they treated, in sufficient quantities to baffle their skill. M. Gros traces the poison, not to delibrate human contrivance, but to the breech-loaders of the period. The kindling of the gunpowder, he says, developed in the sides of barrel a small quantity of prussic acid which was imbibed by the ball during its rapid transit, and this fearful poison was consequently lodged in the wounds of many a luckless Frenchman and German. Hence the reason why it was so often found to be difficult, or even impossible, to heal even slight wounds, and the doctors on both sides were justified in their declaration that poison was present. The fact that similar poisoning of the wounded did not occur formerly was due, says M. Gros, to the paper used, which absorbed the small particles of poison and regularly cleansed the barrel of the gun.

—

A NEW fashion, of which many leaders of society speak as likely to prevail, is the so-called uniform toilette for ladies. Already the idea has been "aired" at several great entertainments, and it is said that the Queen of Italy is responsible for the change. When the Queen was at Vienna a special ball was given in her honor, at which all the Viennese ladies appeared in white, emulating the hue of the daisy, or marguerite, after which the Queen is named. Queen Marguerite herself was attired in white satin trimmed with silver gauze and bedowered with exquisite gardenias, the effect of the whole being enhanced by the splendor of her pearl necklace, King Humbert's latest gift. When the Queen returned to Italy and gave a ball, she let the invited ladies know that they were expected to appear in white. The Roman ladies were not backward, of course, and appeared in gorgeous white costumes, in most cases enlivened with stars or daisies in diamonds. Since then, at several receptions held in Paris, notifications have been given out with the invitations that ladies were to appear in certain shades of color. The fashion, of course, affords play to the wildest extravagance, each woman being anxious to make an effect in the startling combinations and contrasts of materials, but to the ordinary observer it is by no means attractive, and uniformly becomes monotonous.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY G. W.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came the little blue-eyed one—
All tremblingly it came.
And, standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said, with weak and timid tales,
Yet with a quiet grace,
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot."
The Father kindly smiled on her,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

Edged Tools.

MISS TABITHA TUNSTALL was accustomed to say that she always had her own way. She was also given to enunciate the principle that the effectual method of getting your own way was to take it—and she took hers, she would add. Not one of her friends but would have subscribed to the latter clause of her statement; therefore was it likely that this successful despot was going to be baulked in the dearest object of her life, her fondest aim, by a pair of foolish young people? Yet the foolish young people intended to disappoint her. Most hapless delusion!

Miss Tabitha Tunstall had arranged the destinies, and, let us in justice add, when need be, materially assisted in the settling in life of a large number of youthful relatives, but her supremacy in chief was reserved for her nephew, Herbert Tunstall, who lived at the Manor, farming a little, and hunting, fishing, and shooting a great deal; Miss Tabitha's design being that he should succeed her at Staineley Manor, when she should be laid to rest. Her plans for him probably never reached further than this until an unexpected event suggested a new and delightful combination.

This opportune occurrence was the charge of the daughter of a much-loved friend of her youth, a widow, who had lately died in Jamaica, commending her helpless daughter to Miss Tunstall's faithful affection.

Miss Tabitha went to Southampton to meet the girl, Mildred Neil by name, took an immense liking to her on the spot, and instantaneously conceived the scheme of marrying her to her nephew.

She brought her home, gave the young people one week in which to become acquainted, and then forthwith announced to each what she expected of them.

Herbert Tunstall sought an opportunity of speaking to Miss Neil upon the self-same day, and towards evening he observed the young lady seated alone upon a rustic seat in the garden. He at once crossed the lawn and seated himself beside her.

"I imagine that my aunt has told you, Miss Neil, of the hopes she entertains concerning you and myself," he said, with slow gentleness and care; then calmly awaited a reply.

Mildred Neil was a handsome girl of the brunette type; swift to feel, her face was a mirror for the representation of her emotions; and Mr. Tunstall now read his answer in the angry spark that flew to her eye, in the crimson flush that shot across her cheek before her tongue could utter a word of her indignation.

"I am astonished at your speaking to me on the matter, Mr. Tunstall; you must be aware how worse than useless it is."

"But it is necessary that I should speak to you, Miss Neil."

"Mr. Tunstall, it is impossible that I should ever regard you in any other light than as a friend."

"Miss Neil, deep and sincere as my respect for you must be, I have not the slightest wish that you should regard me in any other light; still——"

"In plain words," cried the girl, interrupting him, "I do not want to marry you!"

"In plain words," echoed he, with a different inflection, "I do not want to marry you."

Upon that unflattering assertion Miss Neil looked up in surprise; and, their eyes meeting, they both burst out laughing at the absurd nature of the dispute.

"Then why—why talk upon a subject that is so very—very,"—the young lady hesitated for a moment for a word to express her sentiments—"so very disagreeable?"

"Miss Neil, you have declared your indifference towards me, and thereby of course thrown me into the depths of despair and humiliation; will you now go further, and in strict confidence make a full confession—do you love anybody else?"

Mildred Neil thought for a moment, wondering whether an incipient fondness for a certain young curate, born of unlimited flirtation upon his side, might be dignified by the name of the grand passion; but concluded to the contrary. "N—no," she said at length, lamely.

"That 'no' came too hesitatingly to establish perfect innocence," commented the young man, laughing. "I am going to set you an example of candor by pleading guilty. I am engaged to a young lady, a clergyman's daughter in the neighborhood; and I want your help, Miss Neil."

"This is interesting," said the girl, sitting up and looking at him with attention, quite ready for a little romance, so that she was not expected to take the part of heroine.

"My aunt does not smile upon my choice."

"She is aware then of your engagement?"

"Not exactly aware of an engagement existing, but she suspects the state of things. The fact is she walked into the room one day when Mary was—was——"

"Yes. I am attending," said Miss Neil, with demureness. "Was what?"

"As we were talking earnestly," said the young man, with palpable untruth.

"Precisely; a little conversation would of course criminate you."

"Well, I might have been holding her hand," Mr. Tunstall amended, with more flagrant mendacity.

"I understand; go on."

"So she made a fuss; it was uncomfortable, especially for Mary. But she will get over her prejudice after a while. She cannot fail to do so—you shall see Mary," cried the lover, enthusiastically. "And for the present, to gain time for Aunt Tabitha's unreasonable prejudice to melt, you will not mind our appearing, you and I, to fall into her wishes."

"Our appearing to fall into her wishes. What do you mean?"

"Why," he answered, laughing, "by each of us professing to be diligently cultivating a regard for the other."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the girl, with a faint blush. "And it would not be right."

"I don't know about its being right, but it is necessary. You have not the experience of Aunt Tabitha that I have; she is quite capable of sending for a ring and a parson, and having us married upon the spot, if we showed any symptoms of insubordination."

Mildred looked impressed by this terrible picture, as Mr. Tunstall intended she should be.

"As you like, though," he resumed. "I am sure," with an ironical bow, "I ought to feel more than resigned."

"But I should not feel at all resigned," said Miss Neil, quickly.

"You will be safe then only in the way I suggest: and certainly our one chance of a quiet life lies in letting Aunt Tabitha suppose that we are falling into her views."

"Will not such a course at all events be rather—awkward?" suggested the young lady, her feminine mind foreseeing embarrassments.

"On the contrary, I think it will be extremely amusing."

Had Mildred Neil been older, she would probably neither have consented to the arrangement nor have found any fun therein, but as it was, her youth and innocence helping her, their assumed characters became a source of immense amusement to Mildred and to Herbert.

After dinner, before her cup of tea and game of backgammon, Miss Tabitha, with her cap well on one side, would ostentatiously settle herself for a nap, telling the young people they might talk what nonsense they pleased, she was not going to listen, and in fact she was growing rather hard of hearing.

Upon which Herbert would saunter off to the remote regions of the piano, saying:

"Come and practice that duet, Mildred; you are aware how important it is that our voices should get into perfect harmony."

Or Miss Neil would bid Mr. Tunstall wind her wools. "It is your duty to attend upon me, you know. I must get you into domestic training." And the discipline would occupy so much time that it was clear Herbert Tunstall stood in great need of the lesson.

The amount of practice which they had no doubt accounted for it; but it was astonishing how well these amateurs soon came to play their parts.

Any outsider watching that duet-study carried on in the solitudes of the far end of the drawing-room would have said that it was genuine interest which was kindling in Mildred's dark eyes; that it was some feeling near akin to love which was thrilling in his tones and lending warmth to his words.

But of course the performers knew differently; they were well aware that it was all part of an excellent jest, and the semblance of reality that their acting wore was altogether to their credit.

Miss Neil was naturally anxious to behold the girl, the true beloved, for whom she stood proxy, but for some time after her own arrival at Staineley, Miss Cubison was absent upon a visit. At length, however, her curiosity was gratified.

One bright autumn afternoon, as Herbert Tunstall and she were returning from their ride, they met a young lady in one of the lanes about Staineley.

She was walking slowly, and, mild though the day was, Miss Neil noticed that she was enveloped in furs, while in her hand she carried a small basket.

"Here comes a good little district visitor," cried Mildred.

"That is Mary Cubison," said Mr. Tunstall, and he sprang from his horse.

After himself greeting the girl, he brought her up and introduced her to Miss Neil, who observed with a quick throb of pleasure, for which she would have found it hard to account, the ordinary nature of the rival whom she had been picturing as a species of goddess.

Miss Cubison was truly one of those people best described by the word inoffensive. Inoffensive in speech, look, manner, mind, and character, Mary Cubison was absolutely without a salient point.

After a few minutes chat, during which the young ladies had decided with perfect unanimity of opinion that the afternoon was bright, the autumn a mild one, and the lanes about Staineley muddy but pleasant, Mr. Tunstall bent over towards Mildred, saying:

"If you don't mind, I will see Miss Cubison home."

"Of course I don't mind; pray do so," was the answer; but for her life the speaker could not have kept a certain coldness out of her tones.

"Do not enter the park—wait for me; I will not be ten minutes," Herbert whispered eagerly in return.

"Ten minutes, I suppose that means half an hour or more while they are talking inane nonsense at the parsonage gate," said Miss Neil, as drawing out her watch she prepared to time the lovers; and twisting round in her saddle she gazed after the pair with a sad and weary expression upon her own beautiful features. She could only see that Herbert Tunstall walked quietly by the side of the young lady, from whom he had taken the basket, which he was carrying in one hand, while with the other he led his horse.

The hand of her watch had scarcely completed the ninth minute when Miss Neil heard the sharp ring of hoofs on the road behind her. She pocketed her watch hurriedly, and turned to greet Herbert with a flush of guilt upon her cheek, but with a smile of pure unmixed pleasure upon her lovely lips.

"Well," he ejaculated in a tone of interrogation, meeting her smile with one of equal brilliancy on his own face, as he rode up to her side.

"You've not taken more than your ten minutes," she said, in her confusion stating the very fact that she had hastened to conceal, that of her having marked the length of time he had been gone.

Herbert Tunstall seemed also to labor under a scarcity of ideas, but after a slightly embarrassed pause, he brought out the information: "Mary is not very well; she took cold at the house where she has been staying. They have a fashion there of walking in the garden of an evening."

Ah! a month or two ago how quick Mr. Tunstall would have been to have noticed the consciousness in Mary Cubison's manner when she spoke of these evening walks, and how that embarrassment deepened into guilty confusion upon his carelessly chiding her for her neglect of her delicate health! How her blushes and stammering excuses would have set his hot blood on fire with jealous suspicions eight or ten weeks back; and now, now they pass unobserved.

"Forthwith any quantity of lover's rhapsodies for my entertainment!" exclaimed Miss Neil to herself. Aloud she remarked, "Miss Cubison does not look very strong.

"No, she is far from robust," said Tunstall, with almost a sense of discontent as the contrast between her organization and the generous vitality of Mildred Neil's nature was forced upon him. "It begins to grow dark already; winter is creeping on us," he added, and with that the subject of Miss Cubison was dismissed, as though of no interest.

Time glided smoothly along until the fifteenth of December, when the annual subscription ball of Tarnford, the neighboring market town, was to take place.

This event taken alone was not a very remarkable occurrence, but this particular ball was to have a special distinguishing feature.

It was to be graced by the presence of Miss Tabitha Tunstall, who was going, she said, to take care of Mildred Neil. Mildred Neil was delighted, only feeling a little anxiety in addition as to her chaperon's apparel.

Miss Tabitha's ordinary garb was a dress of brown holland in summer, and linsey-woolsey in winter, the skirt made of a convenient length to "clear the ground," according to Miss Tabitha's own report.

It did clear the ground; it likewise cleared the tops of her boots, when that lady walked after her energetic fashion.

Out of doors she invariably carried in one hand a stout umbrella, which served many useful purposes, notably to prod up weeds as she perambulated her domains, to give force to her remarks, and to thrust away her pet animals when they became too demonstrative in their affection.

Her grey hair was still abundant; but it was her custom to wear a lace cap, which always inclined with shameful favor to one ear or the other; a high linen collar buckled her throat, beneath which a colored ribbon was knotted, and the probabilities were that the tie she had worn the previous day was hanging idly down her back; so that in time quite a "bunch of ribbon"—not "blue," but of all the colors of the rainbow—would be in suspension there.

When Mildred Neil first came to the Manor she made an attempt to rectify some of these harmless little peculiarities. "Aunt Tabitha,"—under Miss Tabitha's orders she had so called her from the beginning—"Aunt Tabitha, your cap is all on one side, let me put it right," Mildred would say, leaning over in affectionate readiness.

"No, my dear, thank you; I must have given it a knock; bye-and-bye it will get one on the other side, and then it will be straight."

"Aunt Tabitha, the tie you wore yesterday is still fastened to your collar, I will take it off."

"No, my dear, thank you; it will come in handy for to-morrow."

Now it was impossible to conjecture what a lady with such independent views might consider to be appropriate ball-going costume.

When the subject was first broached, Mildred had inquired point blank of what her attire for the occasion was to consist, but Miss Tabitha had declined to satisfy her curiosity.

Therefore, although no weaker-minded than the bulk of mankind, it was not without a certain feeling of trepidation that Herbert and Mildred awaited her appearance upon the important night.

Both ready early, they had been some time in the hall when at length Miss Tabitha's brisk step was heard descending the stairs.

"Oh, you dear beauty!" exclaimed Mildred, running forward to the foot of the staircase to meet her—and her ecstasy was not unjustified, for Miss Tabitha was magnificent in rich brocade and priceless old pointlace, while a cap and feathers crowned her head with mathematical precision; at least that was its proud position for the present; the length of time that it would be retained was a question for the future to solve.

Miss Tabitha, as pleased as any girl at the compliment, stooped and kissed Mildred's upraised face.

"You are a picture; no one will look at me beside you," cried Mildred, surveying her afresh. "But where are your gloves, dear?"

"Gloves! what do I want with gloves? I am not going into the cold to get my hands chilled, or into the sun to scorch them."

"It will look curious," said Mildred, with a little mournful shake of the head, as she lifted the members in question with her own small hands. "Do put on a pair of gloves!" she finished, pleadingly.

"No, I shall not; my hands are as they were made," said Miss Tabitha, with determination.

"No, aunt," said young Tunstall, laughing, "they are not. They are as you have made them with a lot of weed-spudding and calf-feeding, and Heaven knows what besides."

"And if they show that they have done a little honest work—" Miss Tabitha was beginning warmly, when Mildred's soft voice struck in.

"They are beautiful hands; for they are always ready to serve and to help," cried the girl, and she stooped hastily, and, with a pretty, natural gesture of reverence, pressed her fresh young lips upon the stiff old fingers, which she yet held in hers. "They are useful, kind, true, lovely hands, and she shall go with them as she likes," Mildred ended, and loosing her clasp, she stepped back to her former position beside the blazing hall-fire.

"There, there! Run away to Parker, and get me a pair of gloves, blue, green, red, yellow, anything you like!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha, brushing a tear from her eyes. "I declare you young people are making a perfect fool of me in my old age; I shall not have a will of my own soon."

"You need not be alarmed—that day is not very near," said her nephew with a laugh.

The gloves brought and assumed, the carriage was ordered round, as the time was getting on to ten o'clock, and they had a drive of four miles before them.

"You will give me the next two dances," said Tunstall possessing himself at once of Mildred's card, upon their arrival at the Assembly Rooms, and coolly writing down his name in accordance.

"You may have the first, but not the second," Miss Neil replied, in her turn taking out her pencil and drawing it through one of his autographs.

"Well, then, when may I have another"

"Any one that you choose towards the end of the evening."

"The eighth then," said he with an air of resignation; "I hope that will satisfy you."

"No, but there is the sixteenth, a waltz: you may put your name down for that, if you like."

Their first dance over, the pair were standing beside Miss Tabitha, when she said suddenly, addressing Herbert: "Who is the stranger with your friend, Miss Cubison? He is a great deal better looking than you are, Herbert," she added with apparent inconsequence, but Mr. Tunstall perceived the significance of the concluding remark.

"I do not see the Apollo, Aunt, but why do you ask?"

"Because they are lovers; that is all."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Herbert, with a keen feeling of annoyance at the remark, for which he would have found it difficult to account. "You are making a mistake.

"No mistake; I have a foolish enough pair of lovers always before my eyes for me to know the signs now."

Mildred and Herbert both looking up startled, their glances met, but at once sank again quietly to the ground.

A deep flush spread itself over her face, as she turned her head away; Herbert Tunstall was scarcely less confused than she was; but the music striking up at that moment, to escape Miss Tabitha's keen vision, he passed his arm round Mildred's waist, and whirled her off in the dance; Miss Tabitha looking after them with a curious expression. They had scarcely, however, made two circles of the room when Herbert drew his companion out into the corridor, which had been decorated and furnished with seats for the occasion.

"It is the truth," he said abruptly, as soon as they were alone. "You are dearer than life to me. Mildred, I love you."

Mildred Neil gave one frightened glance up into his face; then made answer with deliberation, but her voice had an odd quiver in it the while she spoke.

"Of course!" said she, giving a little uneasy laugh. "But we are alone now, so we can lay aside our parts."

"Would to Heaven that we had never assumed them!" was Tunstall's cry, and Mildred's heart with a groan answered "Amen."

"We have played out the play in earnest enough," he resumed. "So far as I am concerned, it has been played out in most dolorous earnest. My darling, my darling. I love you ——"

"Stay, not another word!" exclaimed Mildred, arresting him yet more peremptorily by laying her hand upon his arm. Then turning round, her young face lighted by noble feeling, and with her eyes full upon his, she cried courageously: "And suppose we have played out the play in dolorous earnest, and made shipwreck of our happiness, our happiness only. What

them. There remain honor—justice—right—truth!"

Herbert Tunstall gave her one long look, as she stood there.

Her slight girlish figure was robed in its ball-room frippery of tulle and laces, a slender chain of gold and pearls encircled her soft throat, and white jasmine blossoms wreathed her hair; but immutability of purpose, a steadfast cleaving to what she would esteem the right, were to be traced in the bearing of the queenly head, in the earnestness of the dark eyes, in the firm lines of the sweet mouth.

In absolute silence they returned to the ball-room, a stormy sea of mixed emotions surging in his breast; and her face, now that the glow of passion had died out of it, looking weary and mournful.

At Miss Neil's desire he conducted her to Miss Tabitha, and he then withdrew to seek solitude wherein to compose his mind after the events of the past half-hour.

A steady pacing in the cool night air without the building had a tranquillizing effect, and when he felt he could again bear the eyes of his fellow-creatures, he reentered the room.

There the first object which greeted his eyes did more to steal his heart and brace his nerves than all his contemplation of the solemn stars, or the fanning of the night breezes on his heated brow.

The spectacle, that administered so potent a moral tonic, was the sight of Miss Neil circling round, animated and gay, with a young officer of their acquaintance, to the strains of a delicious waltz.

"The levity! the heartlessness of women," muttered Tunstall, between his set teeth.

But if jealousy and anger had not blinded his eyes, he must have seen how the quick step flagged sometimes, and how the light only flashed at intervals into the face that used to be so bright with innocent gaiety. To prove to this flinty-hearted young lady that other people could be as indifferent, he marched off to find Miss Cubison, upon whom apparently he commenced to lavish great tenderness of manner, and upon whom, in reality, he was venting his jealous anger in a quarrel.

"Mary, who is that fellow who has been dancing with you?"

"I have been dancing with a good many 'fellows,' from Lord Merritt downwards," Miss Cubison answered demurely.

"Nonsense! Who is that stranger, confoundedly good looking, and as tall as a church steeple?"

"Perhaps you mean my cousin," she said, stealing a timid glance up into his cloudy face.

"Oh, he is a cousin, is he? Then all I can say is, family affection is not wanting."

Miss Cubison's regard for her relatives apparently did not extend to a partiality for talking about them, for she made no reply to the remark.

"How is it I never heard of this cousin before?" Tunstall resumed, after a pause.

"I only met him—that is to say, I was visiting at his house, my uncle's, the other day, when I was away," she said, shifting her light blue eyes from his stern countenance to the chalked floor.

"Well, you established a pretty good understanding with him," said Tunstall drily; adding savagely, "Everybody in the room has been passing remarks upon you."

To dispose of a grievance must have been Miss Cubison's policy, for she now hazarded the suggestion, "Of course, I must like your devotion to Miss Neil."

"Miss Neil! Nonsense! You know what my aunt is," said Tunstall—a remark which he would have found a difficulty in explaining.

"Do you wish to sit out the whole dance?" asked Miss Cubison the next moment, glad of peace at any price. "The music will cease directly."

* * * * * *

"Aunt Tabitha, I have a piece of news for you," said Mildred suddenly, as they were driving home, and she startled that respectable elderly lady out of the nap she had been taking in the corner of the carriage.

"Yes, what is it?"-asked Miss Tabitha, sitting very bolt upright, and pushing her cap rather more athwart than it had been previously in her effort to look wide awake.

"Well, you won't be offended, aunt; but you know I have been asked, and I am going to spend Christmas at Uncle Foster's," said the girl gently, but firmly.

"Indeed you won't!" was Miss Tabitha's sole comment, and muttering something about such unholy hours, she relapsed back into the carriage corner and somnolence.

And to that resolution Miss Tabitha held, with even more than her accustomed tenacity; so that Mildred was obliged to give way, and remain in Herbert Tunstall's presence.

Far, though, from peril lurking in this circumstance, the distance at which Mildred so sedulously kept Tunstall, and the gentle unvarying coldness with which she treated him, only the more convinced him o' the utter hopelessness of his position; and their residence under one roof finally effected a greater separation between the two than any extent of distance could have done.

It was as well that Miss Neil's scheme of departure from Stainsley had been frustrated; for the village of Stainsley was not capable of many sensations, and that Christmas-tide it was furnished with such a sensation as it had never been supplied with force; providing an agreeable scandal for the leisure of the holidays. The occurrence that electrified the whole parish was in very deed a startling event—nothing less than the elopement of Miss Mary Cubison with her cousin.

The decorous daughter of their decorous parish priest! the thing was unparalleled. It turned out after that the match had been opposed by her father; and Mary, like many another timid nature, had done a more desperate deed than a bolder spirit might have attempted, and solved all her difficulties and entanglements by quietly going off with her lover and getting married secretly in London.

Probably no one knew more of the matter than Herbert Tunstall, to whom the bride wrote a characteristic letter of explanation, in which she begged his pardon for her deception, and apologized for breaking her engagement with him, much as though she had been excusing herself from a promise to practice archery for an afternoon or share an hour's ride.

Mr. Tunstall carried the letter to Miss Neil, who, however, declined to read it. "You have heard the news?" said he inquiringly.

"Yes," Mildred answered gravely. "I think the method of taking her course a mistake; it gives occasion for talk."

"But," said Tunstall, "her father is such a Turk."

"Then he merits the scandal that this nine days' wonder will call forth."

No more passed at the time, but that evening Tunstall drew Mildred to him, and whisperingly asked: "May I tell you the story now of how I love you with all my heart, and mind, and strength, with my whole being?"

And Mildred must have consented and given him a favorable reply; for after a while Herbert made the suggestion that they should go and set Miss Tabitha's heart at rest.

"Yes, and let us make confession of all our misdeeds, and how we deceived her," said Mildred, very penitent, and very much in earnest.

"I don't know about our intentions, but I doubt if we ever misled her very far," Tunstall declared with a laugh. "However, we'll find her and explain everything."

Miss Tabitha was discovered resting in the drawing-room, and her nephew led Mildred up to her at once.

"We have come to tell you that we allow that you know a great deal better than ourselves what was good, and we are quite ready now to fulfil your wishes," said Tunstall promptly.

"That is not it at all," said Mildred, sinking on her knees beside the kind old lady, and leaning her head up against her shoulder.

"We have come to confess that we very wickedly formed a plan of circumvention and shamefully deceived you by a pretence of compliance."

"Ah!" said Miss Tabitha with a smile of superior wisdom. "You see, I thought you would cut your fingers when you began to play with edged tools. But all that's nothing; I always get my own way. Now," she added briskly, "do you want to know when you may be married?"

"Yes, yes," said Herbert Tunstall in a hurry.

"No, no, no," said Mildred in a greater.

"To-day is Wednesday; this day five weeks then," was the unhesitating reply of the autocrat.

So it was settled decisively; and Mildred's last charge upon the important morning was an injunction to Miss Tabitha to be careful her bonnet did not favor her right ear or her left, to bring discredit upon the wedding party.

The marriage was duly consummated; and Miss Tabitha's bonnet inclined neither to the right nor to the left, for it is stated on credible authority that in her agitation she pushed it completely off her head, and throughout the ceremony it graces her back.

PIETY AND CROWBARS.—Sheik El Mochseen, a holy man directly descended from the great prophet of Islam, has died in Tunis. He never wore any other garment than a woollen shirt, and always slept on the roof of his house. He was a grave and abstemious man, and yet his favorite pastime was the damaging of his neighbors' house property. Every now and again he would sally forth from his own dwelling, armed with a crowbar, and proceed in the most solemnly energetic manner to prise a large hole in the wall of some mansion which happened to have taken his fancy. As soon as he had completed his self-set task the inhabitants of the perforated abode quitted it, and it became his property, the original owner being liberally indemnified by the Bey for all loss incurred. Whenever El Mochsen called upon the Bey, his highness greeted him with a kiss upon the cheek, an honor seldom accorded by the great man to his own near relatives. Everybody in Tunis was afraid of the holy man; which, considering the character of his amusements, is scarcely to be wondered at; and his death produced an extraordinary sensation throughout the city. He had scarcely breathed his last when his woollen shirt was carried to the Bey, who, with admirable self denial, declined to keep the whole of so invaluable a relic, but had it cut into pieces, one of which he kept, distributing the remainder among his great officers of state.

THE Boston *Traveller* relates that, a young infant in that city having been presented with a handsome basket bearing the words "Welcome, Little Stranger," in green and gold, the nurse protested against the form of the salutation, contending that "for sure that was wrong, for the baby is not a stranger, but one of the family."

Our Young Folks.

NERO'S RETURN.

BY OSMUND HILL.

DR. ORTIMER and his family resided at Mapleton Grove.

Fan and Nero were great favorites in the family, and were allowed many liberties and indulgences which dogs in general are denied.

One day Mr. Harrison, a barrister came to pay the Ortimers a visit. When walking round the grounds, he and Dr. Ortimer suddenly caught sight of the children, who were playing on the lawn with Nero.

"Ah, there are the children! How they have grown since I saw them: Frank especially!" said Mr. Harrison." You may well be a proud and happy man, Ortimer, with two such lovely little girls and such a handsome manly-looking boy. Oh, don't go yet!" seizing his arm. "It is such a pleasure to watch them."

"For you perhaps, but not for me, I assure you," Dr. Mortimer laughingly rejoined. "It may be all right, but it makes me uncomfortable to look at that unwieldy, clumsy animal springing upon the children like that; it does not matter for Frank, he is strong enough: but such rough——There! excuse me," rushing forward as his little Carrie fell to the ground, and lifting her up—"My darling, you must have hurt yourself this time. Down, Nero! you are far too rough sir."

"No, no: papa! Nero never hurts me: don't scold him, please."

"Why, papa, Nero is far too good to hurt anybody," Frank exclaimed in breathless haste; "only look how gentle he is!" pointing to his little sister, whose tiny arms encircled the dog's neck.

Poor Nero quietly submitted to the petting although evidently feeling that he was in disgrace, for he kept gazing up very piteously into his master's face.

Kissing his little Carrie, the doctor put her down, saying, "You see how I am treated, Harrison—vanquished by my own children; I can do nothing but yield. Off you go again, but try to be less boisterous; you should teach Nero to play more quietly, Frank;" then taking his friend's arm, "Let us resume our walk now, Harrison!"

After Mr. Harrison's departure next morning, Dr. Ortimer said to his wife, with a cheerfulness of manner considerably at variance with his own feelings if the truth were told—

"You will be glad to hear, my dear, that Harrison has offered to take Nero; he admires him immensely, and has, in fact, taken quite a fancy to him. He is coming back this way in a fortnight to take him away."

Mrs. Ortimer was thoroughly taken by surprise: she had never for an instant believed that her husband was in earnest, although occasionally he had spoken of parting with Nero. In a very sorrowful voice she now said—

"The poor children will be inconsolable I fear. Oh, I wish you had not given him away, Charles!"

So at the time appointed Mr. Harrison took him away from the children who, when they heard of it cried bitterly. But the sorrows of children happily are short-lived, though not till the little mourners had cried themselves to sleep, was the usually happy nursery free from bursts of childish grief.

One day, not very long after Nero's departure, the nursery door was thrown suddenly open and Frank bounded into the room, lifting in his excitement first one and then the other little girl from the floor, where they had been building a castle with large wooden blocks.

"News, good news!" he shouted. "Come try to guess my news! Our good dear Nero's coming back to us. That's the glorious news. Hurrah! hurrah!"

"Who said it? Is it quite true?" the two little girls asked in one breath, their fair chubby faces beaming with joyful surprise.

Just then their father entered and heard Frank's words.

"Very good, my boy. You have told the bare fact and left me to follow with all the details.

"Only listen to what Mr. Harrison says, and you will see how good and kind he and his sister have been to Nero."

"'My sister and I have done our very utmost to persuade him to eat; we have tried him with food of every description, petted and coaxed him to take some, and latterly have even forced a little into his mouth, but all to no purpose.

"'Alas! the instant we left him, the food, he could not evidently swallow, was put out again. We cannot longer bear to look upon the poor dog's misery.

"'The loss of his mother, and of those dear bright children of yours, has been too much for him all at once. I only hope we have not persevered too long, and that a return to his old home-life may speedily restore him to health and happiness.

"'I take it for granted, you see, that you cannot refuse a home to so loving and faithful an animal.'"

"Is he really coming home then to-day?" Frank immediately asked.

"Yes, I quite expect him. I telegraphed at once, and unless I have a telegram from Mr. Harrison, George will go to the station to meet the evening train and bring Nero home."

The hours of that day appeared longer by far than usual to the excited and eagerly expectant children, and many times did they anxiously inquire:

"Will the train soon come now? How long will it be now before our dear Nero is here? Oh, nurse, will it soon be evening now?" and so on.

The hands of the clock now pointed to the long-wished-for hour, and the excitement of the children grew more and more intense, until at length loud and prolonged shouts of joy greeted Nero as he reentered his dear old home. The next instant, however, tears started to every eye, when the poor animal, too weak apparently to support his heavy body, was seen to stagger from side to side, and with great difficulty dragged himself forward to meet his old playmates and friends.

The meeting was truly touching to behold. It was feared by all who saw him, however, that poor Nero had only come home to die, so emaciated, weak, and ill did he look.

The children were pressing round him on the rug, when suddenly joy gave place to terror, and springing to their feet they cried in piteous tones, "Oh, look at him, papa! Don't let him die!"

Dr. Ortimer at once, but with some difficulty, administered a restorative; then a happy thought occurred to him, and after a few words of explanation the children, acting under his directions, began to coax Nero in every possible way to take food from their hands.

By turns they fondled and petted him, and spoke to him in the most endearing terms as if to a little wayward child, then wept over him when he turned his head mournfully aside and gently resisted all their entreaties to eat.

Nothing daunted, however, Frank opened his mouth, and said eagerly, "Now then, be quick, Rose!" whereupon the little girl, with wonderful dexterity, managed to get some of the food well pushed in.

This roused Nero somewhat, and he swallowed it, after which he looked up gratefully at the sweet little faces bending so lovingly over him.

A little more coaxing and petting brought the poor animal to eat a little out of their hands, which at last ended in an apparent enjoyment of the food.

"Now then, my darling, Nero has had enough for his first meal," Dr. Ortimer said. "You have managed him admirably; but now we must get him to bed without loss of time, he stands so much in need of a good and undisturbed sleep. Where have you made up a bed for him?"

"In the night nursery, beside us, papa, You don't mind, do you?"

"No; not for the present, at least," Dr. Ortimer replied, with undisguised pleasure. Emaciated and dejected-looking he had certainly expected to find Nero; but not reduced to such a deplorable state of physical exhaustion.

To relieve his anxiety, Dr. Ortimer went early next morning to see how Nero was. The instant he opened the door he was greeted by the happy voices of his children, with, "Oh, papa dear, only look how much better Nero is! He must soon get well now; don't you think so?"

After a careful examination, Dr. Ortimer replied, in an unusually serious voice, "Yes, he has wonderfully revived since last night; but he is extremely weak, and must upon no account be excited.

"Nurse him well, and keep him as quiet as possible, and then we may hope that he will yet recover his strength and be your dear frolicsome playmate again."

Their mirth was checked, and their grave little faces reflected a sudden return of the terror experienced the night before. "Oh, papa; you can make him well again. You won't let him die!"

But the improvement, which was at first almost imperceptible, soon became apparent to all, and in a few weeks Nero was able to run about in the garden and play with the children as happily, if not quite so vigorously, as he had done before his painful banishment from home.

His restoration to health was hailed with the utmost joy and satisfaction, not only by the dear little nurses, to whose gentle tender care and patient winning ways he owed his life, but by Dr. and Mrs. Ortimer, who both declared that the dear faithful animal should never again leave them even for a day.

Six months after this, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had the pleasure of watching the children and the mother, Nero playing on the lawn as hitherto, Fan, a little way off, quietly gazing at the merry playmates. They were both much delighted, especially when they heard what a very narrow escape poor Nero had had.

"Well, no one could believe that he had been so near death just six months ago!" Mr. Harrison exclaimed. "His little nurses have great credit, for a more beautiful, healthy, and frolicsome animal is nowhere, I am sure, to be seen."

A NICE INCOME.—The present Duke of Wellington has drawn a pension of $20,000 a year since the death of his father in 1852. He has also $100,000 a year from estates given to his father by the government, and the interest on $3,500,000 voted to the great duke by the British Parliament after the battle of Waterloo. The present duke is seventy-four years old.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT, and Difficulty of Breathing, frequently result from a severe cold. The remedial properties combined in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, are especially designed to break up feverish and inflammatory tendencies, remove Constriction of the Throat, and bringing about a free expectoration, promote natural respiration, and a speedy cure. A reputation maintained for forty years, affords to all a guarantee of the practical merit of the remedy.

Grains of Gold.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act

Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice

Keep cool and you command everybody.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it strikes.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

We give advice by the bushel, but take it by the grain.

Admonish your friends privately; praise them openly.

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

Make yourself necessary, and your success is assured.

Anger always hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

Heaven oft in mercy smites even when the blow severest is.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.

Much dearer be the things which come through hard distress.

What a man gets for nothing he is apt to value at what it cost.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.

To be happy we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches she can call her own.

Adversity, how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver in comparison with those of guilt.

It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world

The man who is honest from policy needs as much watching as a hive of bees just going to swarm.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ignorant.

Everybody seems to consider himself a kind of moral half-bushel to measure the world's frailties in.

Some men have a Sunday soul which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning.

Next in point of meanness to doing a man an injury is to do him a favor and now and then remind him of it.

It so falls out that what we have we prize not to the worth while we enjoy it; but being lost, we know the value.

Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty the power of appreciating beauty.

If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this, that there is not one of us without fault.

Light is above us, and color surrounds us; but if we have not light and color in our eyes we shall not perceive them outside us.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconsistency.

No school is more necessary for children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood, or the heart in old age.

It cuts one sadly to see the grief of old people; they have no way of working it off, and the new spring brings no new shoots out on the withered tree.

What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway the good they do is incomceivable.

Death to a good man is but a dark entry, leading out of one room in his Father's house into another that is fair and large, lighter and more glorious, and divinely entertaining.

There is a native baseness in the ambition which seeks beyond its desert, that never shows more conspicuously than when, no matter how, it temporarily gains its object.

The soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a dollar fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

History can be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever.

There are often many ways of doing a thing, and if you hear that [illegible] the best, remember that the [illegible] as good a right to [illegible] as you have to yours.

When our neighbor's house is on fire it cannot be wise to [illegible] our own. Better to be [illegible] than ruined by [illegible]

"Better Health than for Forty Years."

A patient who has been using Compound Oxygen, writes: "I am enjoying better health than I have done for forty years, and I attribute my restoration entirely to the use of your Compound Oxygen. My average weight was never over 98 pounds. I now weigh 128 pounds, and have gained naturally, and my friends say I am looking the youngest than when I commenced using the Oxygen." Send for our Treatise on Compound Oxygen containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

God had not time to attend to everything, so he made mothers.

A reception dress is made of black and gold, with large sunflowers on the shoulders.

Jewels! It's man's belief that when woman was made, jewels were only invented to make her the more mischievous.

Advocates of woman suffrage claim that 80 of the 91 newspapers published in the State of Nebraska favor the innovation.

There are nine millinery shops in the Black Hills, although the entire population contains only forty-one women. About the usual average.

A dying Paris woman requested that none of her female friends be allowed to attend her funeral. She said they would gossip about the fashions with the coffin before them.

A German complaining of the overshadowing influence of militarism: "See the effect on our children; if we have handsome, well-made boys, they join the military; if girls, the military join them."

It is said that the railroad offices in Austria employ upward of 3,000 women. They receive a salary of from $5 to $30 per month. They are invariably the near relatives of dead or active male employes of the roads.

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* says that there is yet on the statute books of Boston an ordinance requiring all women who are out alone after 10 o'clock to be arrested. But it has been a dead letter for 20 years.

Epitaph said to be copied from a tombstone in the cemetery of Montmartre: "Here lies Joseph X., who for twenty years after the death of his wife lived in the society of his mother-in-law, and died a natural death."

There are said to reside in a New Hampshire town two women, one of whom has buried four husbands, and is now married to the fifth, and the other of whom has but six husbands, has been deprived of one by death.

Conclusive evidence: "Yes," said Sallie, "I think Mark is in love with me. He hasn't told me so, but when Fred Acker escorted me home from the store last night Mark looked ugly, and to-day he threw a brick at Fred's yellow cat."

A lover undertook to commit suicide in the presence of the girl who rejected him, at Chattanooga, but she prevented him by force, first dashing a bottle of poison from his hands, and then, after a hard struggle disposessed him of a razor.

An Indiana woman has just killed twenty snakes which she found in one spot enjoying the warm sunshine. If Adam had only had that kind of a wife! But somehow the Garden of Eden had to be placed on the wrong side of the Indiana line.

"I can't find a place in the city to suit me," despairingly remarked a house-hunting lady to her husband. "Why so, my dear?" "Why, because —because, if you must know I can't find a mantel long enough for the crewel lambrequin I made last winter."

The wife of the new Chinese Minister, of high rank in her own country, will not at present enter Washington society. She speaks only her own language, her little feet will not allow her to go about unsupported, and she is, to crown all, exceedingly bashful.

Two women called on a Maine dentist simultaneously, one to have all her teeth extracted, and the other only three. The dentist mistakenly put the latter under the influence of ether and rendered her toothless. And now a jury will try to estimate the damage.

A man who owned the house next to him refused to rent it to a young couple because they had children. He has since rented it to four old maids who for the sake of [illegible] have bought a peacock, a pair of guinea fowls, two howling dogs and a parrot.

It is said that kisses like the faces of philosophers vary, some being as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, and some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are reported to have more nutmeg and cream than any other kind, and consequently to be the most enjoyable of all.

After a wedding party had assembled in a church at Bloomington, Ill., the father of the girl offered her $500 if she would back out. She accepted the money. Sensible girl! Now she can prolong the courtship a few weeks, then marry the same fellow, and go on a wedding tour with the money.

Young lady—"Why are men so slow to offer ladies seats in the horse cars?" We will tell you. It doesn't make a man any richer or better off in the world to have "thank you" said to him, but it makes him feel happier; and the neglect your sweet sex has shown of that little point has obtained for many of you a chance to stand up in a horse car.

"Ah! dearest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his owneat one, "dost thou know what of all outward things is nearest to my heart?" "Really, I can't say," she replied; "but, if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should think it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical by far, and it broke the engagement.

Mrs. Agassiz found one morning in one of her slippers a cold little slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed, "There is a snake in my slipper!" The savant leaped from his couch, crying, "A snake! Good heavens! where are the other five?"

A young lady who graduated from a high school last July is teaching school up in New Hampshire. A bashful young gentleman visited the school the other day, and was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your teacher and your school as much as I do." Tableau—giggling boys and girls and a blushing schoolma'am.

The Marquis of Lorne encourages the emigration of English women to Canada. He was called upon to preside recently over a meeting in [illegible] the Governor General dryly said that in Canada there were too few of these heavenly roses; in England more than enough.

News Notes.

Forty-five members of the new Legislature of Wisconsin are foreign born.

It is fashionable in New England to drive horses three abreast to sleighs, as the Russians do.

Tom Thumb, who has smoked ever since he was 17, swore off recently, by his physician's advice.

It is said that Mexican ladies, even among the wealthiest families, make their own dresses, as a rule.

New Hampshire has now a law making education compulsory. It went into effect January 1.

About ten thousand tons of potatoes are annually used in this country in the manufacture of starch.

There is a certain scientist in Chicago who has announced the theory that man ought to go on all fours.

Darwin, in his new book, proves that there are in gardens something like 53,767 worms to the acre.

A woman died in New York a short time since in great agony from the effects of swallowing hot soup.

The Baltimore teachers are obliged to report twice a week the names and number of pupils punished.

A single steamer leaving San Francisco lately took out twenty-seven missionaries to China and Japan.

The Dutch usually carry small flagons of cologne in their pockets. It is used everywhere, and at all times.

Senator Pendleton has three homes—Ohio, Washington and Newport, and he owns houses in all of them.

Washington, Dakota, Montana, and New Mexico are all applicants for admission to the sisterhood of States.

It was one of the peculiarities of Mme. Patterson Bonaparte to keep every bonnet she ever had in her life.

The Queen of England has always given five hundred thousand dollars to each of her daughters who has married.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co. is supplying its depots located along the line in rural districts with burglar-proof safes.

An Indiana man of 70 recently married a girl of 20, and within a month the bride eloped with a grandson of her husband.

The Bible is wholly put into eight African tongues, and partly into thirty-four more, and the thirty-fifth is being prepared.

American exports every month hundreds of barrels of shoe-pegs to Germany, where they can make children's toys easier than they can make shoe-pegs.

The notices posted in some places fixing values on punched silver coins are not authorized by the government. Silver is worth what it weighs.

The proposition has been introduced in Congress to set apart for commemoration, as a national holiday, the day on which Columbus discovered America.

A bill has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature for the inspection of manufactured tobacco. It is encountering the opposition of the entire trade.

A French doctor says that he has cured rheumatic patients time and again by making them so angry that the excitement would start a profuse perspiration.

Alexander A. Stephens says he never read a fairy story, and recently remarked to a friend who spoke about Cinderella, that he never heard of such a character.

A Toronto paper makes the assertion that some portions of Montreal are so overrun with hungry rats, that cats frequently become food for their voracious appetites.

During the year just closed a single house in this city sent to Ireland drafts amounting to $100,000, principally in small sums employed by servant girls in this country.

An oleomargarine manufacturer says he sells large quantities of the stuff to farmers, who take it home, stamp it, bring it to market, and sell it as their own production.

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together 49 years.

A caller at the White House, who wanted to see the President very much, wrote on his card, as an inducement to be let in: "My wife is a personal friend of one of your groomsmen."

The Boston University Methodist College has just come into possession of an estate of two million dollars, bequeathed by Isaac Rich, of Boston. The money was directed to be paid ten years after his death.

A large brain does not always indicate large mental capacity. One weighed by Dr. Barksdale, of Virginia, the other day, turned the scales at seventy ounces, though it was that of a negro lunatic.

The English gentry also are now trembling for their hunting, and the Duke of Beaufort has addressed a letter to the gentlemen of his hunt as to the great want of consideration frequently shown towards the land and crops of farmers.

Colorless and Cold.

A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of [illegible] medical properties essential to purify, heal, [illegible] QUICK PLEASANT SAFE and PERMANENT [illegible] healthy, the process [illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only [illegible] ing remedy, but searches the harmonic [illegible] each of the organs. It establishes three [illegible] entire system functional harmony, and [illegible] good vessels with a pure and healthy [illegible] from an [illegible] cases of mercury, or [illegible] the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PRE[illegible] [illegible] IN THE WORLD. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

—A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION—

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping: and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States,

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in-doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

New Publications.

Macauley's "Life of Frederick the Great" is a remarkable book, for several reasons. It is the story of one of the greatest military heroes and statesman of the world. It is written by an author almost unrivalled in literary power and brilliancy. It is sold at a price that will certainly almost amaze any one,—only 20 cents, or to be sent by mail, 25 cents. The Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, 102 William St., New York City.

"Numa Roumestan," the latest novel of the famous French writer, Alphonse Daudet, has been translated into English by Virginia Champlin. This is one of the most powerful works that have emanated from the author's pen, and contains all the marks of his fertile genius. To a plot which comprehends the spirit of a France of to-day, and for years back, painted with the utmost truth to nature, there is added his charm of language and a sketching of character which have placed Daudet at the head of his school. The principal character after whom the story is named is supposed to represent Gambetta, the French statesman, while he in part portrays his wonderful career. The domestic side of the story is deeply interesting, while both novel and original. Altogether, it is a book which—if it has the one fault of almost all French works—counterbalances it by a hundred beauties. Among the outside merits we should not omit mentioning some very fine full-page illustrations in the book. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is an excellent publication. It contains for February a splendid array of matter suited to young minds, all of which is grandly illustrated. Among the leading articles are Uncle Ben's Goose; What the Snow-Flakes Say; The Doll's Mission; Piggy's Flight; Nellie and Her Parrot; The Frog Afloat; The Little Chimney-Sweep; Tommy's Pigeons; Uncle David's Snake Story; Who Feeds the Sparrows; Zip in Trouble; Monkey Moonshine; Beany and Bunny; Little Miss Sonnet, song and music, etc., etc. Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. $1.50 a year.

The Popular Science Monthly for February contains the following interesting and valuable articles: The Seven World Problems; How Animals Breathe; Dreams and the Making of Dreams; Sanitary Relations of the Soil; Longevity of the Oyster; A Glimpse Through the Corridors of Time; Epidemic Convulsions; Extension of the Signal Service; The Fundamental Problems of Physiological Chemistry; A Botanist of the Ninth Century; Wild Animals as Men's Associates; The Philadelphia Academy; A Little Matter; Vibration of Rocks; Entertaining Varieties, etc. Appleton & Co., New York. Yearly subscription, $5.

St. Nicholas for February opens with the story of the adventures of a Mexican prince, illustrated with a beautiful frontispiece. Other short stories are: The Man in the Moon; The Round Stone, a Hungarian folk-story, illustrated; Cornwallis' Buckles, an illustrated incident of Revolutionary times; Lady Ann's Valentine, with a fine picture; Men-and-Animal Shows, and How They are Moved About, is the title of an entertaining article crammed with information about the doings and ditings of circus-menageries. There are many illustrations to this, the first half of the article; the conclusion, which is to be even more fully illustrated, is promised for the March number. The serials Donald and Dorothy, and The Hoosier School-Boy are very interesting; Dr. Eggleston describes, in a short article, A Curious Drama which he saw in London; Mr. Harry M. Kieffer, in Recollections of a Drummer Boy, gives graphic accounts of camp-life in winter during the late war. Several poems and humorous verses, besides comical single pictures, help to enliven the pages of this number. The Very Little Folk's Department has a short illustrated story by Charles Barnard—Jack-in-the Pulpit, the Letter-box, the Riddle box, are full of short and interesting paragraphs. The Century Co., New York, publishers. $3 a year.

AFTER MARRIAGE.—An exacting wife or husband will convert matrimony into a state of slavery. Each of the pair should have perfect confidence in the other. Both men and women united in the marriage relation are necessarily tried and perplexed at seasons, when silence should close their lips until moderation takes possession of them. Jealousies of even trifling natures should never be entertained for a single moment. To prevent all such misunderstandings, persons entering the sacred ordeal of married life should acquaint themselves with the disposition, tastes, and unavoidable requirements of their partners, and resolve to govern themselves as much as possible thereby.

M. S.

"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

FEMALE DUELLISTS.

IN ancient Rome it was no uncommon thing for the ladies to appear in the Circus, and there act the part of the gladiators.

A contest of this character, is related by the historian, Dion Cassius; and Athenæus speaks of a noble Roman who inscribed in his will an express direction that, when he was buried, some beautiful female slaves, bought expressly for the purpose, should be armed and fight together until they expired.

In modern times, there is no occasion to refer to the fictions of poetry for similar acts.

Without speaking of the Clorindas, and Armidas of romantic fable, a great number of cities rejoice in the traditions of the exploits of their respective Amazonian worthies!

The city of Lille can boast its Jeanne Maillotte; the old town of Beauvais can never forget its Jeanne Hachette; the city or rather the entire realm of France, distinguishes Joan of Arc among its noblest warriors, and Bretagne may well be proud of its Countess of Montfort.

In the Middle Ages, the fair sex was always excluded from the judicial lists, which was some advance upon the Roman civilization, and in accordance with the spirit of chivalry.

Woman, says Beaumanoir, the Norman jurist, cannot be permitted to fight. If the justice of her cause had to be decided by single combat, she was compelled to produce a champion to answer in her name, and it was only in this way that her gage of battle could be received.

At a later period the duel began to be affected by the petticoat. "They talk in Paris," says Guy-Patin, of two court ladies who fought a duel with pistols.

"When it was mentioned to the king, he laughed, and observed, that he did not see how it could be prevented, as the law only referred to gentlemen."

Madame de Villedieu speaks of a duel with swords, between Henriette-Sylvie de Molière and another lady, who were both attired in male dresses. In Madame Dunoyer's letters, may be found the details of a rencontre of the same kind, between a lady of Beaucaire and the daughter of a noble family there, who fought with swords in a garden, and would have killed one another, if they had not been parted.

This was a regular duel, carried on according to the forms and ceremonies in such cases made and provided, and one lady challenged the other.

The most renowned, however, of these duellists in petticoats was Mademoiselle Maupin, the actress, whose exploits of this kind are truly marvellous. She was born in Paris, in 1673 and her paternal name was Dubigny.

She was married when very young, and having procured her husband an employment under government which required his presence in the provinces, she entered into the opera company in 1698. Being passionately fond of fencing, she formed a connection with Serane, the famous fencing-master, and soon acquired a strength and skill in the use of her weapons, that was unsurpassed.

She was one day insulted by the actor Dumeny, one of her intimates, and made an appointment with him on the Place des Victoires; but, as she could not persuade him to draw his sword against a woman, she kicked him, and deprived him of his watch and snuff-box as trophies of her prowess.

Another of her acquaintance having given her offence, she forced him to beg her pardon on both knees. On one occasion she went to a masked ball in male attire, and thought proper to make impertinent observations, accompanied by gestures, on a lady there present.

Three gentlemen who had escorted the lady, did their best to make her dance, but ineffectually, as she turned upon them, challenged them severally, forced them to go out with her, and killed them all three. Having settled this matter, she returned to the ball with all the composure and unconcern possible. She obtained her pardon from the king.

In our own time the periodical press has not unfrequently commemorated some female duels, the reality of most of which may with reason be doubted. There are two or three, however, which are thoroughly authenticated. In 1827, Madame Bourgoing of St. Lambert, accepted a challenge from another lady to meet her with pistols. About the same date, a lady of Chateauroux, indignant at her husband's declining to demand satisfaction for a blow which had been dealt him, sent a challenge in his name to the person who had aggrieved, kept the appointment herself, and wounded her antagonist with her sword. In May, 1828, a duel with pistols occurred between a respectable young woman and one of the French royal bodyguard. The girl had received his addresses, and he had treated her ill, and deserted her. To this she could not submit, so she challenged him, fixed the place, and chose her arms. Two shots were exchanged, but without mischief, as the seconds had taken especial care that nothing deadly should be put into the barrels. The woman whose intentions were bona fide, and who suspected no trickery, fired first with all the coolness imaginable, and then steadily awaited her former lover's fire. But he having pretended for an instant to take aim in order to try the intrepidity of his Clorinda discharged his pistol in the air, in token of reconciliation, when they left the ground together, and, we believe, were subsequently married.

Startling discovery by a little three-year old. "Why, 'pa, there's a hole in your hair?"

THE SONG OF THE CAKE.

With features heated and red,
With head that throbs and aches,
A woman stands in the kitchen
Turning buckwheat cakes.

Bake! bake! bake!
In autumn, winter, and spring,
And still with a voice of tremulous quake
She but of the cake doth sing.

Beat! beat! beat!
While the batter is foaming high,
And bake, bake, bake!
Till it seems that the man must die.

But no—he bears him bravely,
And the woman continues to bake,
Spreading, and lifting, and turning,
While the man, he takes the cake.

—U. N. Nonz.

Humorous.

Perpetual motion—Scandal.

Always in haste—The letter h.

Usually "through by daylight"—Sleep.

Preventives of consumption — High prices.

A New Jersey man couldn't see any danger in smoking while weighing powder. He can't see any now.

"You take a lode off my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine remarked to a speculative purchaser.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added that it usually follows a vowel.

Smiles is the longest word in the language. Between the beginning and the end of it there is just a mile.

The Aldermen of Chicago serve for the honor of the thing—the same reason that keeps other people out of it.

Dr. Holland wrote, "There's a song in the air," Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song.

Norway has discovered that telegraph lines scare the wolves away. They are probably afraid of the extortionate rates.

A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.

"Honesty is the best policy;" but too many people, says Brown, claim that they cannot afford the best of anything.

"How many more times do you wish me to call for this money?" Debtor—"Well, if you never call again I shall not be offended."

When a bee is humming about you in a sharp key he means mischief, and you should make a bee line of him with anything handy.

"There is no accounting for tastes." Nonsense! What is the work of a bookkeeper in an eating-house but accounting for tastes.

It seems as if convict labor should be abolished. Not only are the workmen out of prison opposed to it, but so, also, are those inside.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

It must not be supposed that the giraffe and the boa constrictor are cheap creatures to board, because a little food goes such a long way with them.

It does break up the landlord of a hotel to have a guest say: "Landlord, I think it would be an improvement if this shoe-brush had another hair in it."

Grandpa—"Now, Tommy, can you tell where port comes from?" Tommy—"No, sir but I can tell you where it goes to." The question is not pressed.

"Inquirer" asks; "Can a man be a Christian and play euchre?" The opinion is that he can play euchre, but he probably will not win if he is conscientious.

A New York man was imprisoned thirty days for stealing fifty cents. Served him right. He should have stolen half a million dollars and bought in the court.

A young man who didn't like the color of his hair wrote to a chemist, asking, "What is the best dying receipt?" The chemist answered, "Pool with a loaded gun."

Probably the finest exhibition of human courage that is ever witnessed can be seen by interviewing the passengers of a western railroad train half an hour after the robbers are gone.

"A Sad Tragedy" is a favorite heading with an esteemed contemporary. The adjective serves to distinguish such catastrophes from the joyous tragedies which makes a picnic of this mortal life.

An English paper remarks, as if with surprise, that Vienna surgeons have found a man in one of the hospitals with his heart and liver on the right side. He would be badly off if they were on the wrong side.

We often hear of a woman marrying a man to reform him; but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. We men are modest, and don't like to talk about our good deeds much.

"The second cousins of the corpse will please come forward and take their places," loudly called the sexton on one occasion. "The lateral branches of the corpse," said another, "will now join the procession."

It does not require a mine in order to start a mining company. The deceased ones, however, find that even the wildest companies do have a mine. The officers demonstrate to them, after a time, that "what was yours is now mine."

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end of them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterward and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red hot, too.

Why is a blacksmith supposed to be a discontented man? Because he is always either on a strike, or else blowing.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a suburban agricultural club. After an hour's debate the secretary of the meeting was instructed to milk the cow, and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

Trust and you will be trusted, is a familiar maxim, but Binga, who keeps a peanut stand, says that it does not always come true in real life. He is willing, for instance, to trust Goldsboro, who keeps a jeweler's store around the corner, but Goldsboro hasn't the least confidence in the world in him when he wants to buy a diamond necklace.

Why Wear Plasters?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble; and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day and cure yourself. Either liquid or dry for sale at the druggists.—Binghamton Republican.

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Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 38 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 23 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

NEVER be without a bottle of Pearl's White Glycerine, for chapped and rough skin. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

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Facetiæ.

When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper? When it is put out.

A game much in vogue on board ship in a heavy sea—Pitch and toss.

The young lady who took the gentlemen's fancy has returned it with thanks.

Thousands of ladies have sudden relief from all their woe by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Debate on the Constitution—Having a consultation with a physician.

Why is the tailor the poor man's best friend? Because he settles the rents.

The higher the words which people use in a quarrel, the lower their language.

It is now denied that there are no women cannibals, for there is the poet Laureate.

When the skin is parched and freckled by strong northwest winds, and the face becomes dry and scaly, it can be restored to smoothness and good color by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. A perfect remedy for troublesome itching and vexatious pimples.

There is but one thing needed to make oyster at a railroad restaurant perfect, and that is—oysters.

Now these landscape painters are not very argumentative fellows—you never see one who isn't willing to give up his views.

"I thought, Miss S., that you hated that flirty minx; yet you went up and kissed her." "I do hate her, and that is why I did it. Look at the big freckles on her cheek where I kissed the powder off."

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer of Wayne Co., N. Y.

Two young men were making fun of a good country preacher. The minister, after standing it pretty well for a while, said, "Allow me to say, gentlemen, that I am not precisely a fop, nor altogether a fool, but betwixt the two." The young men departed.

When a man goes around among his friends saying he will not run for office, he reminds one very much of that other man who pinned a temperance badge on his coat, so that some one would ask him to drink under the mistaken impression that he would refuse.

Regulate the Secretions.

In our endeavors to preserve health it is of the utmost importance that we keep the secretory system in perfect condition. The well-known remedy, Kidney-Wort, has specific action on the liver, kidneys and bowels. Use it instead of dosing with vile bitters or drastic pills. It is purely vegetable, and is prompt but mild in action. It is prepared in both dry and liquid form, and sold by druggists everywhere.—Reading Eagle.

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Yours for Health
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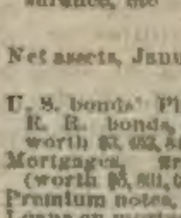
RECEIPTS.		
From premiums	$1,301,816 44	
From interest and rent	412,380 79	
		1,614,197 23
Total		$7,958,522 01
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses and endowments	$580,947 85	
Dividends to policy-holders	277,377 18	
Surrendered policies	84,309 65	
Re-insurance, taxes and licenses	95,503 12	
Commission, salaries, medical fees, legal expenses, rents and agency expenses, etc	230,199 99	
Advertising, printing, fire insurance, etc	18,439 25	
		1,286,866 03
Net assets, January 1, 1882		$7,314,655 98
ASSETS.		
U. S. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank and other stock, worth $3,062,849		$3,074,413 21
Mortgages, first loans on properties (worth $5,811,000)		2,203,401 75
Premium notes, secured by policies		623,628 38
Loans on mortgage collateral, etc		425,191 80
Home office and real estate, bought to secure loans		793,235 59
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies		194,784 62
Net ledger assets as above		$7,314,655 98
Net deferred and unreported premiums	$111,849 61	
Interest due and accrued, etc	95,297 60	
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost	379,434 68	
		586,482 98
Gross assets, January 1, 1882		$7,871,438 01
LIABILITIES.		
Losses reported, but not due	$126,830 00	
Reserve, at 4 per cent, to re-insure risks	6,333,983 00	
Life Rate Endowment Accumulations, etc	97,276 70	
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,293,878 31	
		$7,871,138 01
Surplus, by Pennsylvania standard (estimated		$1,726,983 72
Number of policies in force		13,508 00
Amount of insurance in force		34,037,444 00
Number of policies issued in 1881		2,427 00
Amount insured in 1881		$6,037,670 00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice President.
H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice President.
J. J. Barker, Actuary.
HENRY C. BROWN, Secretary.



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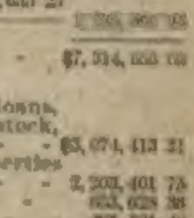

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

PLUSH seems as if it intended to monopolize a large share of our regard in the winter, and with some excuse too, for some of the specimens are exquisite. Shaded, stamped, striped, and flowered, it forms an equally handsome trimming, while skirts made entirely of it, either plain or flounced have a much richer effect than velvet.

A very handsome dress was made of olive green plush and velvet of a bluer green. The skirt had a deep pleating of velvet at the edge, and above this the front was trimmed *en tablier*, with the plush slightly draped into folds.

The back had a velvet *pouf* with one heavy plush loop at the left side. The bodice was pointed back and front, made of velvet with plush sleeves and waistcoat. It was slightly open at the throat, and the velvet fronts were scalloped on either side of the plush, so as to slightly over-lay it.

The open part at the throat filled in with lace, converts this pretty costume into a handsome dinner dress.

There is an excellent model for a dress of one color, and combining two fabrics. I say excellent, because it is simple, and does not require extra trimming. The skirt is formed of alternate straight half breadths of moire and satin, laid in plaits from the waist to the feet, and gathered twice at intervals between the belt and the knees, the lower half as a kilting to the edge of the foundation skirt, which is bordered with a balayeuse. The bodice is either moire or satin, has a scarf of the two materials combined sewn on the front, and tied behind as a large bow, with wide ends falling almost to the balayeuse. In front where the paniers commence there is a flot of loops of moire ribbon with spiked ends; the sleeves are satin, but, the collar and cuffs are moire.

Dark colors are fashionable for serges, such as dark rifle green, seal brown, and prune. There are also flannels that resemble cloths, and are sufficiently heavy for winter costumes. These are trimmed with bands, collar, and cuffs of plush to match, and are made as panier polonaises.

Another new feature in skirts has appeared; it consists of large plaited quilles or panels at each side, commencing at the waist and terminating at the feet. Each plaiting is of a different color. For example, there is a red plait and a blue plait; an orange plait and a seal-brown plait. The bodice is plain and self-colored of one of the two shades used; it has a small basque, with a moderately accentuated point in front, and a tiny habit basque with box-plaits at the back.

The buttons are the color of the skirt; the cuffs, collar, and revers are also of the second color.

A charming dress for a young lady has the pleated skirt of tobacco-colored velveteen; the tunic is of light-brown Indian cashmere, the front draped in a rounded tablier, the sides long, and the back caught up in the centre in a number of close pleats, a few inches below the waist.

The bodice forms part of the tunic, and is joined at the back to the draping of the tunic, which falls on each side in graceful folds, leaving the pleated velveteen skirt uncovered. The deep cuffs are of velveteen, as is the deep yoke-like collar, reaching to the shoulders, and cut in three points front and back.

A very stylish walking costume is of blue cashmere and blue and brown tartan, the background being blue, with very wide cross stripes of a rich chestnut color; the tunic is of the tartan, very long, and looped at the sides with blue satin ribbons over a short, pleated, cashmere skirt, the long back breadths forming a train when free, being draped in a succession of large loops; the corsage is of the same striped material, made with coat tails behind and a short point in front, a belt of blue satin ribbon encircling the waist.

A long blue surah fichu, edged with fringe, passes over the shoulders, crosses on the chest, passes beneath the sash and short basques of the corsage, and forms small draped paniers, ending behind in a bow. The cuffs and wide collar are of brown moire, and the hat is of brown felt lined with blue surah, with long blue feathers and bows of blue satin ribbon.

A quiet, but handsome, indoor dress is of bronze cashmere embroidered with brown silk; the round skirt is pleated, and the long tablier is pleated at the sides, and edged with brown silk embroidery, worked on the dress; a very long tunic redingote opens over a waistcoat fastened with gilt buttons, the edges at the neck and below the waist being embroidered; the edges of the tunic and cuffs are also embroidered. A rich toilette of dead-leaf faille is simply trimmed to simulate a tablier, and again at the edge, with a flat ruche pleated on both sides.

The upper part is a Louis XIII. habit-bodice of velvet, with a dead-leaf ground thrown up with roses and green foliage, and a waistcoat of white satin merveilleux, covered with soft ruches of lace; the edges of the front of the habit are crenelated and formed into loops, through which is passed a green satin ribbon, tied on the left side.

The ends of the habit-bodice are rounded, and ornamented at the back by a sash of green ribbon, formed into a bow, and falling in long ends to the edge of the skirt the whole forming a lovely and artistic costume in spite of the apparent simplicity of the style.

A very handsome dress is of striped black and old-gold pekin; the skirt is edged with four pleated flounces, separated by rows of black blonde. The tunic is open in front, and gathered on at the basques of the corsage with three rows of gauging; it is edged with blonde and draped behind; the corsage is gauged at the neck, and fastened with amber buttons; the pareinents are edged with black lace, and a ruche of old-gold satin edges the neck.

Claret satin merveilleux, moire, and broche, in claret and black, make a very stylish dress; the skirt is edged with two satin pleatings, over which is draped a moire tablier; the corsage is of broche, with long basques looped to form paniers, and forming a robing down the sides; the large sash bow is of moire; this material is also used for the revers of the elbow sleeves, and the large standing collar, which is finished off with a moire bow. A hat of black felt, trimmed with Spanish lace and red feathers, completes the costume.

As for the hats and bonnets, no definite rule can be laid down. Eccentric forms apparently are liked and adopted. Some have a high pointed crown and large brim; others have a small crown, with poke brim, lined with some soft fine fur, at the end of which the wearer's face appears exceedingly small. Toques of pheasants' feathers, with a bird's head, fastened down with a valuable ornament, are also in vogue. For walking, a small black or dark velvet capote, with a coronet of plush leaves worked with jet; plush strings, fastened with a swallow in black or shaded pearls, is considered in the best taste. Pearls are in great request at present, and are worn on almost all occasions.

A charming bonnet is of Burgundy red velvet laid plainly over the flat, round crown and shelving brim. Across the crown a broad moire silk ribbon is laid flatly, forming the strings and bows at the left side.

The ribbon is shaded in two colors, rose pink, on one edge and a warm, light brown on the other, shading lighter and blending imperceptibly into each other in the centre. A cluster of three short ostrich tips, shaded and mixed in the same colors, is placed on the left front of the hat. The brim is faced on the under side with pale pink satin laid on plainly.

An especially unique hat, in the Tyrolese peasant style, is of pilgrim-grey felt, with broad, unwired brim, perfectly straight on the right side, and raised very slightly on the left, to support the weight of two enormously long sweeping grey ostrich plumes, confined in front with a small clasp of silver, which also holds the ends of a much shorter feather curling around the front of the high tapering crown.

Fireside Chat.

SOME GOOD HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MACCARONI AU JUS.—This is an Italian recipe and is one of the most delicious preparations of maccaroni. Boil the maccaroni (*spaghetti*) in water with a very small onion (or piece of one) stuck with cloves.

When done drain it and put it into a saucepan with a piece of butter, plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, and as much of the strong gravy of stewed veal as it will absorb. Add pepper and nutmeg to taste. The gravy must be good, free from fat, and strained. This is a dish fit for a prince.

Chicken Rissoles.—Mince or chop very finely some remnants of roast or broiled fowl free from skin; add an equal quantity of ham or tongue, as well as a small quantity of truffles all finely minced; toss the whole in a saucepan with a piece of butter, mixed with a pinch of flour; add pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste, as well as a little minced parsley; stir in off the fire the yolks of one or two eggs beaten up with a few drops of lemon juice, paste with some flour, a little water, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and two or three of sugar; roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece, stamp it out in round pieces three inches in diameter; put a piece of the above mince on each, then fold them up, fastening the edges by moistening them with water. Trim the rissoles neatly with a fluted cutter, dip each one in beaten-up egg, and fry a golden color in hot lard.

Cauliflower Salad.—Boil a nice cauliflower until it is thoroughly cooked. Set it away to get cold; break it up prettily, dress *a la vinaigrette* (plain dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt). Place around the cauliflower some sprigs of tarragon and parsley, with here and there a stoned olive.

Grenadins of Beef.—Cut some beef fillet in slices half an inch thick, trim them all to the same size in the shape of cutlets, and lard them finely and thickly with fat bacon. Lay them, larded side uppermost, into a baking dish, and add as much rich stock or gravy as will come up to, but not cover the larding. Cover the dish and put it in the oven to cook gently for half an hour. Then take off the cover, baste the grenadins with the gravy and let them remain uncovered in the oven for the larding to brown. Take equal quantities of carrots and potatoes cut into the shape of small olives and boil them so that they remain whole. Make a *roux* or sauce of butter and flour in a saucepan, add as much of the grenadin gravy as will make a nice sauce. Stir well, put in the vegetables, and when very hot, put the sauce in the centre. Another delicious arrangement of the grenadins is to fill the centre with maccaroni *au jus* instead of the vegetables. The maccaroni may be prepared as above with the grenadin gravy.

Dainty Luncheon Dishes or Relishes.—Many an exquisite little dish may be added to the list of those for which the housekeeper usually keeps the materials in her pantry. Among them none are nicer than these three made of cheese, they look as prettily as they taste deliciously:

Creme de Fromage. Take two tablespoonfuls of cream, rather less than two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese very little cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Mix these ingredients carefully together and quite smoothly, then spread it on some good puff paste, lay another piece of puff paste over it, then press round carefully with the fingers, cut out with fancy cutters into any shapes you may select, egg and breadcrumb the shape, and fry in boiling lard.

Turtelette au Parmesan.—Take the yolks of two very fresh eggs, three dessertspoonfuls of cream a little cayenne pepper, two dessertspoonfuls of finely grated Parmesan cheese, a little salt; beat these ingredients into a smooth paste. Make some turtlets of puff paste, fill them with the above mixture and bake in the oven till of a light gold color.

D' Artois au Permesan.—Take three eggs weigh them in their shells, and allow the weight of one in grated Parmesan cheese, a piece of butter half the weight of the cheese, a little salt, and cayenne pepper to taste; thoroughly incorporate altogether by well beating with a wooden spoon in a basin; spread this mixture on a piece of puff paste, lay another on it, egg it over with a brush cut into squares, and bake in a moderately quick oven till of a pale brown color. Serve piled high on a napkin with a crisply fried parsley.

Apple with Rice (*Pommes Riz Meringuees*).—Peel six apples, core them, cut them in half, and place them in a flat stewpan with half a pint of water, four ounces of lump sugar, a few cloves, and a little cinnamon. Let them boil gently till they become quite soft, then remove them and let the syrup boil away till reduced to a couple of tablespoonful, when you strain it over the apples. Put into a stewpan half a pound of rice and a quart of water, leave it on the fire till it boils. Drain off the water, and add one pint of milk, four ounces of white sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon. When the rice is thoroughly cooked remove lemon rind and work into it the yolks of three eggs; then put it in a heap on the dish in which it is to be served, place the apples on the top, and cover the whole thoroughly with the whites of the eggs beaten up into a stiff froth, with one tablespoonful of lump sugar. Sprinkle powdered sugar over, and bake half an hour in a cool oven.

Apple Dumplings.—Pare and core fine, juicy apples that will cook quickly; then take light bread dough, cut into round pieces half an inch thick, and fold round each apple until well covered. Put them into a steamer, let them rise, then set the steamer over a pot of boiling water, and steam until done. Try them with a fork. Eat with cream and sugar, or butter and sugar, or maple syrup. The latter is very nice.

Delicious Muffins.—Take two cups of flour and work into it thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; wet the flour with milk until it is about the consistency of pan-cake batter; then add three well-beaten eggs the last thing; mix well and drop quickly into muffin rings, well buttered, and bake in a quick, hot oven.

How People Become Ill.—By eating too much and too fast; by swallowing imperfectly-masticated food; by taking too much fluid during meals, by drinking spirits and other intoxicating drinks freely; by keeping late hours at night and sleeping too late in the morning; by wearing clothing too tight, so as to relax the circulation; by wearing thin shoes; by neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm; by neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open; by exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for light costumes and exposure incidents to evening parties; by starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; by keeping up a constant excitement; by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles; by employing quack doctors and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; by taking meals at irregular intervals.

M. S.

Correspondence.

V. B. D., (Sherman, Tex.)—Five years is the wooden wedding. You are right in the other anniversaries.

Dick, (York, Me.)—The mystery which is supposed to give point to a valentine would be quite destroyed if you should enclose your card.

W. A. M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"When did the big hail storm occur? I think it was in 1869 or 1870." There was a severe hail storm May 8, 1870.

H. B., (Des Moines, Ia.)—Her conduct should make you love her the more. She seems a modest, good girl, who deserves the love of a good man.

Charles J., (Jackson, O.)—You have formed an erroneous notion as to the power of money. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means.

Inquirer, (Macon, Ga.)—No. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. That is, if a subscriber sends $3.00 for Post one year and Diamante premium, he or she cannot get the picture by adding fifteen cents. To get the picture you must send an additional subscription.

Marie, (Canton, Pa.)—You ask, "which is the most stylish for a lady, a coarse handwriting or a fine one?" That depends a good deal on the way in which a lady writes. Some ladies write a large hand in such a way as to make it look very attractive and elegant, and others are equally successful with fine handwriting; while others are equally unsuccessful with either.

Hubert, (Brooks, Va.)—The fact is, that of the thousands who flock into the great cities every year from the country, a few succeed and many fail. There is plenty of room at the top, but none at the bottom, or even halfway up the ladder of fame and fortune. Hence we advise that, unless you are reasonably sure that you have the stuff in you which will enable you to climb over the heads of thousands, the greater number of whom are nobody's fools, you had better remain where you are.

Reader, (Woodbury, N. J.)—Quitclaim, in law, is a conveyance with both words of grant and release; a deed in the nature of a release. It indicates either an existing estate, or a previous conveyance, and though regarded as a conveyance at common law, is held in some of the States to be an original conveyance. The word is, however, employed constantly in American law, with the same meaning as a release in the law of England. It derives its effect from the words "remise, release, and forever quitclaim."

E. D. M., (Wesley, Ind.)—Your lady friends make a mistake in confounding the two loves, they are different states of feeling, and the pleasures derivable from them are as distinct as the pleasures we experience from sight and hearing or from any two of the senses. 2. We were not aware before, that as a rule, ladies were not amiable to one another. We had thought that they were at least much more so than the gentlemen were to each other. We assume you that you and your bosom lady friend are not exceptions among ladies.

Daisy, (Albany, N. Y.)—Your question how you can get a young man to love you, is a hard one to answer, especially as we have no acquaintance with the particular young man to whom you refer, "who plays in a theatre orchestra." We shall only advise you what not to do. Do not, above everything, make known to the young man, either by word or look, before he has declared his affection for you, that you are "deeply in love" with him. Do not seem to woo him, but let him woo you. Do not forget that you are a lady.

D. S., (Newton, Ark.)—The Chinese smoke opium in various forms. A small pill of opium, about the size of a pea, is placed in the pipe, and exhausted at a single prolonged whiff. Great efforts have been made by the Chinese Government to suppress the use of opium, but they have been about as ineffectual as the efforts to suppress the use of intoxicating liquors in this country. As early as 1796, an imperial edict was issued against the importation of opium, which led to a war with Great Britain, which in 1843 compelled the Chinese Government to allow the drug to enter their ports.

Emily, (Chadd's Ford, Pa.)—The Galatians to whom Paul wrote his epistle, were the descendants of a band of Gauls, who conquered a portion of Asia Minor in the latter part of the third century before Christ. They settled in the country, and the name of the province which they inhabited was called Galatia. They were a warlike, honest and simple-minded people, were less debased by superstition than the inhabitants of neighboring provinces, and therefore more ready to receive the gospel. Paul first preached Christianity and organized churches in Galatia. He was there once with Silas and Timothy about the year A. D. 53, and again several years later, on his return from Corinth.

Mary, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—There are the greatest varieties in the state of sleep-walkers; some hearing without seeing; others seeing without hearing; some possessing a state of consciousness almost approaching to the waking state, others being in a condition little removed from perfect sleep. On this account, while we may manage to hold a conversation with one person, another is altogether incapable of forming a single idea, or giving it utterance, even if formed. For the same reason the first, guided by a certain portion of intellect, pursues with safety his wild perambulations; while the other, driven on by the impulse of will, and his reasoning faculties locked up in utter stupor, staggers into dangers of every kind.

Minnie, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are quite right in saying that to entertain company does not belong to men, but is one of the acknowledged duties of women. Men expect to be entertained. The pleasure, therefore, of an evening's entertainment is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget their identity, or to be lost in the effort to make everyone at ease. That is the great secret of true enjoyment. Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or a social circle, where every person's neighbor appears like an iceberg, and the atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and by their genial nature and playfulness throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy yet dignified cordiality which characterizes true gentility. The hostess is the key-note, and upon her depends the concord of sweet sounds and their sweetest melody. Your truly elegant woman is naturally an excellent hostess, and contrives to surround her guests with her own "atmosphere." Her house is for the time being the home of every guest who enters it.